



B. WALKER'S
Poems.

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POETRY OF REASON AND CONSCIENCE.

IMMORTALITY
AND WORTH OF THE SOUL;
TEN SCENES IN THE
LIFE OF A LADY OF FASHION;
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BY

JAMES B. WALKER,

Author of "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," "Doctrine of the Holy Spirit," "Living Questions," etc., etc.

CHICAGO:

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108 AND 110 DEARBORN ST.,
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PREFACE.

CHARLES P. McILVAINE,
Bishop in Ohio.

DEAR SIR : — There are some readers into whose hand this volume may fall whose good opinion I greatly desire to retain — yourself among the first in that number. To such I wish to say a word or two apologetically.

There is an aspect of auto-biography and self-presentation in some of the minor pieces that is unseemly ; but the pieces were first written in letters to friends, or in incidental sketches, and they could not be printed at all without presenting them as they were written.

There are likewise some minor pieces, the omission of which the proprieties of age would seem to indicate. One of these, at least, has been inserted by the request of a friend. And after all, is it not due to truth, in some sense, that the varying phases which the same mind may take on, under different influences, should be exhibited, rather than inhibited ?

As we have met incidentally during life's duties in the West, I have had occasion to be grateful for appreciative recognition on your part of some portions of my literary labors that had fallen under your notice. This was more especially a favor, by introducing an American author to persons and places in England to which your position in the Church, and your reputation as a scholar, gave influential access.

I am sure you will like the argument on the IMMORTALITY AND WORTH OF THE SOUL. With some passages in the second poem (if read) you will not be so well pleased. The radical expressions in regard to FRATERNITY, EQUALITY, and SIMPLICITY in religious life, arise from a conscientious conviction that the views of the Quakers on these subjects — as on that of the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit — are in harmony with the teachings of Jesus.

I trust God will prolong your useful life yet many years. And now, having myself ere long to put off the harness, I may say, to the praise of God's guiding providence, that if He were to grant me another probation on earth, I should desire to be permitted to live over again the same life which He has directed thus far — penitent for imperfections, but changing no important item of life's work.

Very respectfully,

Your fellow servant,

JAMES B. WALKER.

Benzonia, Mich., 1871.



DEDICATORY LETTER.

LONDON, July 4, 1862.

TO MRS. BESSIE ENGLIS:

My Good Friend: Allow me to dedicate, with the kindest regards, this volume of MS. Poetry to you. It is a Home Book of Poetry. The longest pieces were written in hours of leisure to produce moral impression on subjects deemed of importance. Some of the shorter ones are memorials of affection or bereavement—others express the thought awakened by the incidents to which they refer. I have retained the prose introductions. Written at the time for the eye of friends only, they ask from the reader a friendly recognition. They will not have the interest for others that they have for us; but if I should omit them, it would not be our Home Book of Poetry. I am glad you think favorably of my request to edit and publish such parts of the MSS. as your judgment may approve. It has been very pleasant for me to find a lady in London who has studied American Poetry,—not even overlooking the “Poets and Poetry of the West.” And now—hastened home by the unhappy state of my country—(a state of things deplorable in the present, but which, in the issue, will extend the area of civilization, and promote moral progress in America) it is pleasant for me to leave the product of my leisure hours in the hands of one who can

introduce them to the public more acceptably than I could myself have done.

Allow me to say a word in regard to the impulse which occasioned some of the pieces, and the peculiarities which characterize others :

The poem on the "Immortality and Worth of the Soul" I designed to publish some years ago. Not so much because I thought it valuable for its poetical qualities, but because we have nothing in our language, nor in any language, that exhausts the product of the human reason on this subject ; and because the *worth of the soul* is neither rightly apprehended nor sufficiently considered, by many who professedly believe in Immortality.

I was surprised to find how little the Moderns have added to the thought of the Ancients on the subject of Immortality ; and in regard to the *Worth of the Soul*, although much has been written from the Scriptural view of the subject, yet, as deduced from its capabilities and capacities, the Ancients have written scarcely anything, and the Moderns nothing of much value.

The Poem is an Argument. All that I deemed valuable in my studies of ancient and modern thought on this subject, I have combined with additional views of my own, and accumulated the strength of the whole to sustain the *desired* conclusion.

One of the ablest arguments against the Immortality of the Soul was written in Latin verse by Lucretius. Pope's Essay is Reason in Rhyme. These may be apologies for the present endeavor.

One of the last treatises which the eminent statesman and patriot, John Quincy Adams read, was this poem on the Immortality and Worth of the Soul. A friend of the author, Hon. J. Brinkerhoff, loaned it to him in MS., and asked his attention to it as a subject upon which he had bestowed much thought. He returned it with an accompanying verse, which was, in all probability, his last written expression upon any sacred subject. I have appended it at the close of the Canto on Immortality. It is a strong

testimony from one of the best minds of the age, that the concluding passages of the first book express the result to which the most profound thought on this subject must lead the inquirer, viz.: Faith in Christ gives the only *satisfactory* evidence of immortality, and that evidence is possessed only by the believer in Christ.

The qualities of reason and conscience do not predominate in the Poetry of our time. A book without a conscience is a malignant power, as much as a man without a conscience. *No mind is noble but the conscience crowned.** Yet I would not, as you know, have all Poetry religious, or even serious. Mirth is as valuable in its place as morals.

But while Poetry that does not recognize the moral sentiments may not be the offspring of a corrupt imagination, still it gives no impulse to the nobler and better propensions of the soul. There is poetry of mere fancy, which, like Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and Tennyson's *Idyl*, have value, as mental entertainment and recreation, for a majority of readers. But the first criticisms of *Hiawatha* evinced that there are minds of the highest order that demand the true and the good as well as the beautiful in poetry. This class may be the smaller one, but in the estimate of God and the holy angels, it is the better one. To this class your name will commend this little volume, and the readers will, I trust, receive impressions that will strengthen their convictions of immortality and duty, and thus confer upon them a blessing in the Present and in the Time to Come.

In association with the Friend Quakers of England, I spent the most profitable hours that I spent in Europe. I could sympathize and co-operate with the reform efforts of your people more fully than with any class that I met while abroad. If there be any people to which the poetry of Reason and Conscience will be acceptable, it will be the Friends, and others who, like them, believe that the exhilaration of the imagination, by exaggerated or venal creations of the Fancy, is as injurious to the moral nature as the stimulus of opium or alcohol is to the intellect.

* See Chalmers' *Bridgewater Treatise*.

If this little volume shall do anything, even in a limited circle, to counteract the effect of dissipating and corrupting literature, with which the press is flooding the Old World and the New, it will not have been written in vain.

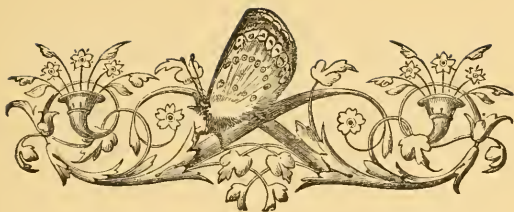
Very truly,

J. B. W.

117 PORTIUS ROAD, PADDINGTON.

P.S.—The MSS. of the succeeding poems were left in the hands of a friend to be published in London, as the preceding prose works of the author had been. The first years of our civil war entirely suspended the issue of American books ; and the publishers deemed it best for all parties to return the MSS. A part of the manuscript is now offered doubtfully to American readers. It would certainly have found at least a limited circle of appreciative readers over the sea. What the result of the venture will be at home, remains to be seen.

The sketches of incidents connected with the poems are retained, for the sake of the few rather than the many. They are photographs of heart and home that will be appreciated by those for whom they were written.



THE SOUL.

CANTO FIRST.

OF IMMORTALITY.

Mysterious being, where and what art thou —
Matter or motion?¹ How dost thou exist?
Dost thou exist at all, save as a quality,
Or a result of nature's operations?
May mortals know aught of thy nature,
Or thine attributes? Can reason's power,
By an analysis, reaching the deep profound
Of nature's heart, learn ought of thee?

With brow uplifted and with thought-lit eye,
Thus queried Plato,² when he sought to solve
The mystery of his being. A voice came up
From the recesses of his inner life —
Go SEARCH; — To the sincere and yearning heart,

That seeks to know, with holy purposes,
A light springs up in darkness; Nature feels
The yearnings of her child, and oft reveals
Her jewel secrets — holy things, conceal'd
In the arcana of her heart of hearts.

Then kindled in his eye a brighter light;
A mark of urgent thought came over his face;
With emphasis of deep resolve, he said:
Vital intelligence, I will seek for thee;
He said,— then, with far-reaching intellect,
He sought through nature for analogies;
He asked from science facts; and searching deep
For a self-moving EGO in the mind,
He carried on the anxious inquiry,
Where is the spirit? What the human soul?

He found in matter various elements,³
Essential, simple, uncompound;
Which held in various combinations form
The masses of creation. That these resolved,
May change their form, but not their nature change,
Nor can they lose their being. He learn'd the truth,
Whate'er is simple is immutable;
And what immutable, eternal is —
That every thing's eternal, save the *forms*
Of physical creation, and of life.

Then rose the vital inquiry, which erst
Was hallowed by the wisdom of the Greeks:
Has spirit immortality? or, is thought
And consciousness an effluence conjoined
With modes of matter; as the melody
Of the soft wind harp, when Æolus comes,
And with his “airy fingers” strikes the chords?
Or as some subtle influence, produced
By operations of material things,
Such as engenders the magnetic spark,
Or turns the quivering needle to the pole?

Call, if you please, “the brain a battery”
Producing thought as the voltaic pile
Does the magnetic spark. Then answer me:
What stands behind the battery, and directs
The spark to ends selected and designed?
Dost thou say this, “As the electric fire
Leaps by a law of nature to the point
Of negative affinity — or as the beast
Pressed by the claims of hunger, or induced
By sight of vegetation, seeks his food,
So thought in man exists by things within
Or things without, that act upon the brain:
'Tis thus impelling motive, not design,
Directs the thought.” Then answer me, what is't
That, standing o'er the battery in the brain,

Controls the action — contravenes the laws
That govern matter — turns the spark of thought
To other ends than nature's law would gain?
What agent can arrest the fire-winged bolt
From Heaven's battery in the thunder cloud;
And by tuition, discipline, or power
Controls the "instinct-battery" in the brute,
And thus appropriate by sovereign power
Brute faculties and instincts to its use?
Nature obeys affinities and laws,
But if by these the human spirit thinks,
What is it abrogates, avoids, directs
Instincts and laws which nature has ordained,
And thus controls the cause — averts the effect
Which natural law and life would consummate?
Is this the soul?

Does matter think? Is thought a quality
Sublim'd in the alembic of the brain?
Then answer me philosophy. Thou sayest
That matter changes its identity,
Throughout the whole economy of man,
Often in a short life. Why is it, then,
That personal identity — the I
Of consciousness — remains and lives?
If personality inheres, as said,
In matter as a quality — why, then,

With matter not removed. The subject gone,
 The quality should cease. But 'tis not so:
 The brain may often change, with all that makes
 Material conformation in the man;⁵
 Yet something lives, that stretches over all,
 Above these changes — claims identity,
 And feels responsible for actions wrought
 Through its oft-changing instrument, the brain.
Is this the soul?

Say'st thou that thought, as a resultant, springs
 From man's organization? Tell me, then,
 What is the agent when the suicide
 At his own organism aims the blow?⁶
 Did nature murder nature then? or thus:
 Th' effect destroy its own efficient cause —
 The body kill the body. Say'st thou so?
 Not by some law or agent intervened,
 But by an act prepense, with end in view,
 Matter is shivered by designing mind —
 What is it, then, which thus delib'ately
 Destroys the instrument through which it acts?
Is it the soul?

Philosophy has not revealed the truth,⁷
 When mere conception or the goings on
 Of the perceptive or reflective powers

Are deemed the highest elements of mind;
'Tis so in brutes, but 'tis not so in men: —
There is a conscious agent, which surveys
Thoughts as they rise, and marks their character —
'Tis not, as men say, "consciousness of thought";
But 'tis a conscious agent, which perceives,
Judges, discriminates, approves, condemns
The character and qualities of thought;
Something that looks at thought,
Yet 'tis not thought itself. Thought is its object;
Judging is its act. Itself the conscious Ego,
Recognizing thought, as emanations
From itself drawn forth by various causes;
But yet reprov'd, approv'd, or modified
By th' moral conscious agent in the mind.
Is this the soul?

Say'st thou external things, as motive powers,
Control the will and move the sense in man? ^a
'Tis true in part. Man's nature is allied
To earthly objects; these affect the will,
And wake the sensibility to life;
And were there naught but consciousness of thought,
Man, as the brutes, were bound in iron chains,
Instinct and motive governing his life —
But 'tis not so. Self-consciousness declares,
Not only that these motives influence

Man's sensuous nature, and invite his will,
But testifies that back of will there stands
An agent which reflects, appreciates,
Inquires for the ulterior influence
On ME and MINE. Or, if benevolence
Has modified the nature of the I
Of consciousness, that agent *asks itself*
What influence will willing thus produce
Upon the moral interests of men.
In every human soul a voice affirms
The solemn truth that something in the mind
Perceives the influence impress'd on will,
And in abeyance holds the motive power,
Until it scans the cause and consequence;
Or marshals other reasons, and thus weighs
Interest and influence, probabilities;
And then, in view of self-conviction, acts
For self or God — as self-reflection prompts.
This truth, affirmed by all men's consciousness,
And seen in all men's actions, testifies
To a *self-moving, self-determining cause*,
Producing will by its own energy,
In view of its relations to the world —
To self — to God — time, and eternity —
Is this the soul?

Say'st thou, as human organism fails,
The mental powers decay.⁹ So men have said
With those consenting who have sought to prove
The spirit's immortality. Suppose it true,
That age enfeebles human intellect,
Still the high moral powers that link
The mortal to the immortal life fail not —
(At least fail not where faith in Christ exists)
As age comes on, and Time with chilly touch
Blanches the cheek and cools the ardent pulse;
As body, intellect, and memory fail,
Conscience grows strong, the power of love augments;
When mind and matter, palsied by old age,
Crumble to ruins round his moral life,
The Christian's conscience and affections live.

Hast thou not heard of those, who, as they stood
With trembling frame and waning intellect,
Upon the confines of their mortal life,
Have there exhibited, with angel's strength,
The power of conscience and of charity —
As tho' the mind had waned to consciousness,
And consciousness all heart and conscience grew.
Is this the soul?

But then, 'tis said, all claimed as soul in man
The animals possess.¹⁰ 'Tis not all true.

Admit it true, some creatures are endowed
With minor intellect. Then all is said
That truth or true philosophy can claim : —
Yet over these the human spirit stands
Towering in majesty — the free-born soul
Endowed with reason's higher, holier powers —
These stand apart, perceive the influence
Of sense upon the sensuous mind —
Consent, dissent, and feel responsible,
As powers above to guide the powers below ; —
A wheel within a wheel — the center point
The I of consciousness.—*Is this the soul ?*

Dost thou claim more than this — say, if thou wilt,
The creature has a conscience — that it can
Perceive and feel the duties due to man ;
What does it argue — this, that man's its God ;
Its highest end to do his earthly will ;
Its highest knowledge — knowledge of his mind :
But man has powers that reach the Infinite ;
His conscience feels the obligation due
To his Creator. His higher reason scans
The moral law. His free soul bows to God ;
And his affections, kindled by the love
Outflowing from God manifest in Christ,
Are during as the cause which gives them birth —
Thus creature souls were made for man, their lord —

He being earthly, these are earthly too —
But man's for God who, *living evermore*.
With *everlasting life* endows the soul.

Mark further the developments induced
By man in creature natures. He may raise
One beast above his unsubdued mate,
And elevate its faculties beyond
The highest point they possibly could gain
By all the instincts common to its kind:
So God and man. The human soul may grow
To a development of moral power,
By the tuition of the mind of Christ,
Which far transcends the attainments possible
For man to gain by merely human means.
What does this argue? May we not infer
The end of creature minds is found in man,
But Human souls were formed to live for Him
Who disciplines and sanctifies their powers?
See yonder mastiff, as with eye dilate
He scans his master's features — thus to catch
The impression of his spirit on his face —
Now he bounds — but doubtful — he looks back
To settle the conviction in his mind,
That he has rightly caught his master's will —
That creature has sagacity and strength
Of intellect, which far exceeds the range

His nature could attain in primal state;
And when thus fitted to his master's will,
Does it not follow that brave Rolla finds
A home within the mansion, and exerts
His active limbs and cultivated powers
In duties which his training indicates?
Then, is not the probation which we feel
Trying and forming human character;
(If discipline has qualified for heaven;)
Substantial evidence the good shall stand
Before the glorious Saviour, and employ
Their cultivated and ennobled powers
In holy worship and high ministry
In the bright spirit world of God our King?
Rejoice my soul!

The Maker has so framed the animal
That all their wants and ends are met on earth;
There's not a want or instinct creatures know,
But may be satisfied by earthly good.—
Not so with man — his sensuous appetites
Seek earthly good, and things of earth may fill
These to satiety: — yet in his inner life
Desires arise that seek a higher end —
The heart and conscience ask for joy, and peace,
And living love, which earth can never give:
And when fools think, by earthly means or ends,

To satisfy the cravings of the soul,
They find it vain. — 'Tis as a poison'd spring,
Where thirsty travelers may stop to drink,
And drinking more, the more they are athirst —
Or as the mirage of the desert sands,
Flattering the hope — eluding the pursuit:
Thus efforts to allay the spirit's wants
By earthly good, increase the appetite;
Attempts to satisfy increase the thirst:
The spirit spurns the earth, as her chief end,
As the king eagle spurns the food for worms.
Now, if there be no future life for man,
Then has the Maker satisfied the brute,
By filling his capacities — While man,
The monarch, He has placed on earth,
To yearn unsatisfied, and die unblest!
We dare not reason thus, for God is just
To meet the aptitudes which He creates.
What is it then that yearns for greater good,
And higher life, than earthly things bestow?
Is it the soul?

That which belongs to nature, as a part
Of her constituents, is from the Lord; ¹³
The animal has instincts which belong
To all his class — God-given instincts
Which direct its nature to its end.

Go mark the insect destined to arise
From the low earth-worm to the butterfly;
God gave that insect instinct to prepare,
And God vouchsafes the end which instinct seeks.
'Tis so with man — deep in his inner life,
A witness stands in presence of the soul,
And says, in contemplation's solemn hour,
You can not die! 'Tis well to be prepared
To live the ages of eternal years;
And wheresoever man is found, as man,
He hears that inward voice, which bids him seek
Fitness for life ensuing after death;
— 'Tis true his erring intellect has planned
Myriads of methods to attain the end:
This only argues, method is from man;
While that instinctive principle, inwrought
Into the texture of the human soul
Which moves all races to anticipate,
And seek, by various methods, to secure
A better life hereafter, is from God.
And oft, when men heed not the instinctive call,
Until the solemn hour, when death draws near,
With arm uprais'd, in attitude to dip
His shaft into their bosom — then it is
This voice shrieks out within the soul,
Upbraiding the neglect, which during life,
Was paid to its monitions — when it said,

"*You can not die!* 'Tis well to be prepared!
To live the ages of eternal years!"
— Now, who shall say that God, the just and good,
Who gave true instincts to the insect tribes,
Has placed a lying witness in man's soul!
'Twere blasphemy, because you thus impeach
The probity of the Eternal Mind:
Then answer me — what hears that inward voice?
What sees that monitor along its path,
Stand with a shadowy finger, pointing on
To great eternity? *Is this the soul?*

Another step. In insects may be seen
Germs of another life.¹⁴ The skilful hand
In anatomic science can lay bare,
Within the earthborn caterpillar's breast,
The lineaments which indicate and mark
The form and features of the butterfly:
'Tis so in all regenerated minds;
A spiritual analysis will find
Germs of a life to come. The lineaments
Of life developing within our life.
Thus in the soul is formed an appetite
Which lives on truth, as spiritual food;
A love of things above — an ear to hear
The voice of God. A nature all alive
To motives above earth, and time, and sense —

New aims, new hopes, new fears. The soul's transformed,

As in a chrysalis. Its love, supreme,

Detached from earth, seeks its chief good above.

Now, who shall say these germs shall ne'er expand —

That the angel thus in embryo shall not drop

Its earthborn vestments, and on wings of light,

Cleave the cerulean of eternal day —

A ransomed soul!

The nature of the spirit, in itself,

Claims an allegiance with the angel world: ¹⁵

It finds its being's end — its highest good,

In spiritual action, which depends

Not on its corporeity. Peace, love, and joy

Are its essential life — the aim and end

Which the Eternal One, who made the soul,

Impressed upon its nature. Mere earthly good,

Sought as an end, prevents development

Of the angelic life within the heart;

Joyful obedience — contrite love of God,

And childlike trust, are heaven to the soul.

Now mark the thought, and weigh the argument —

The soul's best good consists in holiness,

An end induced by objects not of earth,

But glorious objects of the life to come;

The same which actuate an angel's mind,

And fills their nature with eternal love:
Then shall the being, to whom God has given
The constitution of angelic life,
Perish upon the threshold of that state
To which its heaven-born adaptations lead?
Reason and righteousness forbid the thought,
And join their voice t' announce the glorious truth,
Death's shaft kills not the spirit — but sets free
The deathless soul!

The human spirit has a power to know,
Arising from the basis of the known,
And stretching on forever.¹⁶ Each new truth
The spirit aggregates, increases strength
To gather other truths. And as the soul
Rises the mount of knowledge, its survey
Farther extends into the limitless.
Each truth has its affinities; and as
The store increases in the human mind,
The power increases, by which mind is drawn
Upward and onward to the Infinite.
This is the soul's prerogative; — a gift
Which separates it from inferior things:
Capacity to know, and to increase
Its knowledge endlessly from what is known,
Is an endowment of eternal mind; —
It is an angel's nature, and allies

The human spirit to the glorious God. —
— How blest 'twill be to climb the heavenly hills
Of spiritual knowledge, and survey
The glories of God's character and works!
And as the spirit stands on those high mounts
Of vision, and perceives the goings on
Of varied systems, each demonstrating
The power and wisdom of the Good Supreme —
And as it ever rises and looks on
The evolution of the mighty plans
Which God in infinite benevolence form'd
To manifest His glory, and to lead
Created spirits to the fount of life:
As such impressions of its Father's power,
Its Father's wisdom, and its Father's love,
Come to the spirit's reason, how it will
Exult in knowledge high and infinite —
Gather its starry wings about its face,
And worship in the deepest reverence
A reasoning soul.

Most men are fools enough to believe in dreams,¹⁷
But wise enough to keep their inward faith
A secret from each other. Wise men have thought
That indications of events to come
Their shadowy impress make upon the mind
In hours of sleep. So thought the dying Cyrus —

So have thought men of all ages, climes, and creeds —
But if, when sleep has partially set free
The soul from its material tenement,
It catches glimpses of the unborn things
Which lie within the future — or, if spirits then
Can reach the mind, revealing things unknown: *
Does it not argue, when our time shall come
To drop this corporeity, the soul,
That erst by hidden cord of life was tied
To its dull prison, shall expatiate,
A free-winged spirit; — one whose mind shall know
Present and future; and commune with those
Who, hov'ring round its pillow on the earth,
Suggested shadows of events to come
Unto the soul.

Some men maintain a double life on earth;
The outward seeming, and the inward truth ¹⁸ —
Their public life enacted for the world,
Their hidden life known but to self and God:
And Satan, in the vestments of a saint,
Does not belie his nature more than does
The assumed complexion of men's life oft-times

* "As the good angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And unto glory peep."—VAUGHAN.

Belie the inward life of consciousness;
 Without they seem the friend of God and men,
 And gain on earth rewards as tho' they were;
 While heaven knows that their whole life's a fraud;
 That self, and lust, and pride control the will: —
 Can God exist, and be a righteous Judge,
 If such a wretch who lives a lying life,
 And gains, from men deceived, the high award
 Of truth and virtue, does not live again
 To reap his just demerits? — and to be
A damned soul?

* * Behold, he comes,
 The conquering hero, and the loud huzzas
 Of servile natures make the welkin ring
 In praise of his achievements. See the smile
 Of gratified ambition, and of pride,
 Flits o'er his features, as from balconies
 And open windows, smiling women wave
 The snowy 'kerchief, honoring his deeds —
 All eyes seek for his form — all tongues
 Speak of his merits in the ears of all:
 Power, reward, and human praise are his — * *
 * * Now change the scene.— Notice yon soldier lie
 Quivering with pain. The fractured limb — the scar
 Upon his torn and bleeding flesh, dart agony.—
 See now! — he drags himself along the ground,

And begs for water—begs the boon of death,
From tortur'd wretches, mangled like himself.
That youth was brave—he sought his country's good,
And put his life in peril to defend
That country's rights. For these he bled and died:—
No glory his, nor honor,—nay, his name
Marked not the records of the victory
He died to win. His chief has triumph'd
In whose inmost soul ranked ambition foul;
Aggrandizement of self, cost what it might
Of abject misery, tears, or human blood—
But victory gained,—the popular acclaim
Reward and honor him. While heaven sees
The motives which controlled the chieftain's life
Were motives which a demon could approve.
Compar'd with him, that soldier was a saint;
Compar'd with his, his patriotism pure;
Yet yonder chief has quaffed the meed of praise,
Retired in ease, to live in luxury,
While the praiseworthy drank oblivion!

Will God reverse this judgment, or shall guilt
Reap the reward of virtue? Unless the soul
Lives in a future life, where the awards
Of time are rectified, that wretch has gain'd
The meed of virtue due the virtuous, brave.
If earth-life is our all, God is not just,

Mark yonder demagogue — his speech sets forth
The dangers of the people. He's the friend
Of the hard-handed yeoman of the land —
Sees all the interests of the country lie
In measures of his party; and would die
To serve his dear constituents. That man has gain'd
A place of honor and emolument;
Men call him patriot, and he is hailed
As a true champion of his country's rights:
And yet his heart is foul with selfishness —
He'd sell the vital interests of the State
To advance a selfish or a party end.
The measures he denounces as the bane
Of the Republic, he would glorify
As the Republic's hope, were they proposed
By his coadjutors. Party and self
Are motive, aim, and object of his life —
The just, the right, God and his country's good
Are secondary motives in his mind;
And yet he gets all good that earth can give
For aims and motives which he never knew;
While those who truly seek their country's good
Meet base hostility or cold neglect.
If earth is all of life — then life's a lie;
If earth's unjust and impious awards
Meet no reversal from the Judge Supreme,
Alas my soul!

If earth is all of life — if God is just,
Why is it that all consequence of guilt
Falls not upon the guilty; but oftentimes
Falls heavily on those whose souls are free
From the iniquity which brings the curse?
Mark that impersonation of all sin,
Nero, of Rome, and see his virtuous wife
Driven to exile by the wretch's lust;
And after years of suffering, she falls
Bearing the consequence of Nero's sin —
The guileless victim of a demon's crimes.

Rome is in ashes; and the tyrant brings
His guilt upon the Christians. And, O God!
What fearful tortures do the guiltless bear
For that fell tyrant's wrong. Meanwhile the wretch
Exults in torture, feeds upon the groans
Of murdered martyrs, doomed to die for crimes
Conceived in the deep hell of his own heart:
Now, if there be no other life but this,
The consequence of one man's guilt should not
Fall on another. If Justice rules the world,
Then sin should only curse the sinning soul.
But men grow old in sin, and guiltless hearts
Are crucified on earth for guilty acts
Which others perpetrate. Can God be just,
If there's no judgment in another life

To damn the guilty, vindicate the good,
And grant award, as love and truth require,
To every soul?

The blind can see, the consequence of guilt
Falls often on the guiltless; and that vice
Oft reaps rewards of virtue in the earth.
If there be no hereafter, who dare call
Justice and power attributes of God!
But reason vindicates the Eternal Name
From allegations that affright the just,
And calls the drama of the present life
But the brief prelude of a future state,
Where God is justified, and spirits judged,
And life or death awarded to the soul.

The sense of immortality itself
Is life and power in believing minds:
It is an instinct in the spirit's heart
That leads it upward to its highest end.

Behold yon abject wretch whose soul has lost
The sense of life to come! Behold him sink
Down from the dignity of human life
To mingle with the brutes that lift no thought
Above the earth; and having lost the sense
Of immortality his manhood's lost.

But see his fellow-man, who lives in view
Of life beyond the grave. This hope has power
To elevate the soul from low pursuits,
And lead men upward on the scale of life,
Into a culture that approximates
The sphere of higher minds and holier hearts.

Would God advance our nature by a lie?
Would He implant convictions that can lead
Man to his highest dignity by thoughts
That guide—that elevate the aim, while yet
That guiding thought is false? No; God is true,
And those immortal hopes which bless the soul
By the prevision of a life to come
Are given by heaven to elevate its aim
And fit it for the skies.

Thus reason wandered down the "Course of
Time,"
And sought the sources of the elder thought,
And weighed the truth which nature since reveal'd
Unto the moderns — adding yet to these
An agonising effort to espy
Yet something more in matter or in mind
To give an evidence on which to rest
The hope of immortality. But still,
Reason unsatisfied, with faltering wing,

Droops down again to earth, and feels
Her yearning efforts have not gained a full —
A conscious sense of immortality.

O Son of God,
Author of Hope, of Love, of Life Divine
In human hearts: Thou art the Way —
The Truth — the Life. — Divine, Eternal Life
Is drawn from Thee. The bond of faith
That binds my life to thine assures the soul
That it can never die: For Thou dost live.

But wanting faith, may not the second death,
Deep and profound, as of nonentity,
A death to Life — a death to Love — to God ;
A death of natural immortality
Await the earth-born mind.¹⁹ O blessed Christ,
From whom faith draws Eternal Life — my soul
Doth cling to Thee. Thy Spirit in my heart
Sayeth that Thou hast love and power divine,
And wilt not let me die! Thou wilt not leave
My soul in Hades, nor my sleeping dust
A nonent in the grave. *This is my hope.*

AMEN.

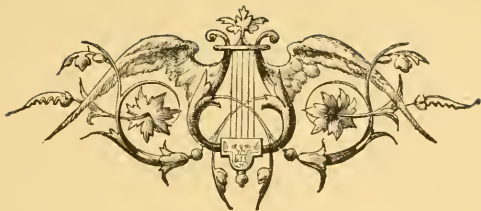
The following heart-utterance of one of the most eminent statesmen of the past age, should be thoughtfully considered by those unhappy minds who are involved in the doubt so ably wrought out by the liberal Mr. Alger. Alger "brings life and immortality to " *darkness*. Adams had *felt* a similar doubt—but his last thought is of the Gospel and of Christ.

LINES WRITTEN BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

On reading in MS. the Canto on Immortality—the last thought ever written by the sage on a sacred subject.

Matter and mind ! mysterious One,
Is man through three-score years and ten :
Where ? when the thread of life was spun ;
Where ? when reduced to dust again.

All seeing God, the doubt suppress,
The doubt Thou only canst relieve ;
Let me, to solace my distress,
Fly to thy Gospel and believe.



ARGUMENT TO CANTO SECOND.

THE Immortality of the soul being assumed, as argued in the First Book—in the Second Book its worth is derived from an examination of its *moral constitution*. Theological opinions upon the subject are not discussed. The only philosophical method by which to ascertain the value of any being (using this word in the largest sense) is to inquire what are its qualities, powers, capacities. We inquire, then, in the book before us—WHAT MAY THE SOUL SUFFER, OR ENJOY, FROM THE EXERCISE OF ITS OWN FACULTIES?—WHAT MAY IT ACCOMPLISH, OF GOOD OR EVIL?—WHAT MAY IT BECOME? By this investigation the conclusion is reached that unless God annihilate the Soul of Man, happiness or misery—spiritual life or death, must be the result of its own exercises. What the intensity of future joy, or woe will be, must depend on the moral history and moral character of each individual spirit. But allowing consciousness and constitution to continue, the final issue wrought out by the soul's activity will be a character fixed either in spiritual good or evil.



WORTH OF THE SOUL.

CANTO SECOND.

Spirit thou art immortal! Who can tell
The import of the words, *undying life*?
And what that import learn'd by good or ill
Experienced thro' ages without end?

To know the spirit's value, is to learn
Its moral powers and capacities.—
For these interrogate its inner life,
And learn what it may suffer, be or do;
And thus from its own nature learn its worth.¹

What language can approximate the truth?
Not the faint emblem of the passing bird
Bearing the grain of earth, once in an age,
To distant planet, 'till the whole were gone,—
Such emblems weary reason. Egypt's priests,

In th' morning of earth's history, had learn'd
Eternity's true symbol.² The Great I AM
Has built the universe upon the plan
Of an eternity. The shining globes
That nightly roll their circles in the sky,
Are emblems of a movement without end —
Hail to thee! symbols of eternal life —
Ye circling orbs that track the fields of space,
Whose end and whose beginning is the same —
Circles enlink'd with circles endlessly!
Far-swinging pendulums, hung in the sky
To strike the ages of eternity!
Thy music and thy movement usher'd in
The morning of the Great Eternal day;
And when high noon shall come upon thy disk,
Time's finger only circleth to the place
Of the beginning!

Within the soul itself, and separate
From sense and its material tenement,
Deep in its spiritual nature, lie
The germs of destiny. To live — to act —
Is to develope fruit of life or death —
The life to God, is heaven — to self, is hell.³

Mark the capacity to suffer woe,
In the soul's nature, from the exercise

Of the malignant passions.— Envy, strife,
Ambition, hatred, cherish'd in the heart,
Turn th' milk of human kindness into gall,
And kindle in the soul the flames of hell.—
The very good which God bestows on some,
Is food for misery in malignant minds —
*Thus good becomes their evil!*⁴ and the soul
Is damn'd unless redeem'd from its own consciousness.
— To hate an enemy e'en brings unrest;
But when dire enmity and selfish will
Rule in the mind, to live is to be curs'd.

But in the converse,— purest blessedness,
The soul may know from the sweet exercise
Of faith that works by love, and casts out fear,
Inducing peace, benevolence, and joy.
When reason and the conscience acquiesce,
To love is to be blest. For “God is love,
“And he that loveth dwells in God, and God in him”—
And every mercy which kind heaven bestows
Upon himself, or others, is a source
Of grateful joy. *Thus good becomes his life.*⁵
And good to others, is new joy to him:—
God ever doeth good; so holy minds
Will find the source of everduring life
Rise from the nature and the love of God:—
So shall the sanctified from God's own heart
Draw life and love and peace forever more.

Hope is the life-spring in the human soul
Imparting ease to action, giving strength
To bear all present ills, in view of good
Seen as the rainbow, through affliction's tears.⁶
But hope destroyed, and then the spirit lies
Stricken and withered, agonised and lost:
As when a vessel, beaten by the storm,
Lies wrecked, and lab'ring on the surging sea;
While hope of safety or of succor lives,
Landsmen and seamen act with energy;
And e'en frail women have a power to do,
Sustained by hope. But hark! she founders!
And the captain's voice, firm until now,
Proclaims the words of doom "Great God! we're lost!"
With that word, Hope expired, and effort ceas'd;
And a loud cry of anguish — piercing — wild,
Rose from the ship, and mingling with the wail
Of the storm furies, drifted o'er the sea!
— So God has made the spirit — Hope *may* die;
And if we pass the bound where man can make
A sure friend of the Future — Hope *must* die,
And from her ashes will spring up despair —
The worm that never dies. To every soul
Despair comes in when hope goes out, as sure
As putrefaction follows loss of life:
— When hope is lost, who shall deliver us
From the dread body of this mental death.

Within the soul itself, and consequent
On the free action of the moral powers,
The conscience lives, and, arméd with a whip
Of scorpions, it assails unpardoned souls.⁷
'Tis consciousness of an All-Seeing Eye
That gives dire power to conscience:
Man may exclude the God-sense from his mind
By sin or atheism, or unbelief,
And thus escape remorse for wrong. But God and sin
Can not be present in the soul at once
And conscience sleep. And souls can not escape
Forever from God's eye. Infinite space
Is the sensorium of the Deity, —
And every movement which a spirit makes
Begets perception in the Eternal Mind,
And an Omniscient Deity begets
Perception of Himself, in every soul
When disembodied, in his vast domain.
And who can tell that secret of lost souls,
The deep remorse the guilty must endure,
By cognizance of God, in sinful minds.
To the pure mind a sense of the present God
Will be as sun-rays to the healthful eye,
Filling the soul with light and holiness.
But that same sun-ray, to th' impure in heart,
Is like the light upon an eye diseased,
That stings and burns as with a point of flame.

In the resources of God's universe
There is one only sovereign remedy
That saves a free-will sinner from remorse :
A SENSE OF PARDON, wrought by faith in Christ,
Speaks peace to conscience, and extracts its sting.
The soul may then see God; but wanting this,
It must from its own nature, be self-stung
By fell remorse — the “worm that never dies!”

Pardon or penalty all souls must know ;
For if the “second death” does not annihilate,
When the death-angel looks upon the soul,
Repentance is per force, and works by death
Repentance toward God, while man enjoys
A free probation works reform of life,
But a repentance forced upon the will,
In view of evil consequence to self,
Must work by death in self-condemned minds.

Another source of spiritual death
Is the soul's powers, discordant in themselves,
And warring with each other.⁸ The mind is curs'd
With bosom furies, when eternal strife
Between the moral powers of the mind,
Is fierce and dissonant. Mark yonder wretch,
Whose breast is filled with an adulterous love
For one as fallen and guilty as himself ; —

Reason condemns the action of his heart,
While passion rages against reason's rule —
Thus tortured by dissention in his soul,
His trusting wife is spurned; her kindly acts
Conjure up furies in his tortured mind:
Thus love of guilty objects creates hate
For objects which the heart should cherish most;
And when reflection comes, as come it must,
Then reason wages an eternal war
With vile affections cherished in the mind:
But when the heart loves the Supremely Good,
Reason and conscience will their sanction give;
And thus, harmonious, the soul's faculties
Acting accordant — are in action blest.

Concealment is the only piece of sin.⁹
So long as the clay tabernacle veils
The guilty spirit from all holy eyes,
Self-condemnation may not sting the soul;
But when the mind shall know, as it is known
By all the universe, then it will feel
That every holy eye that turns a glance
Upon its evil nature causes pain.
Where guilt is known, and guilt abhor'd
By holy beings, the guilty can not live.
In outer darkness they would rather hide
Than be reveal'd, and dwell with holy minds:

Then what deep anguish must the guilty feel
When in the presence of the universe,
Their nature is revealed. O God of Hosts!
In mercy infinite Thy hand hath rear'd
The prison of the damn'd, where wicked minds
May hide themselves in darkness, and escape
The immediate presence of all holy eyes.
Thus saints shall judge the world. Their views of sin
Will be a judgment *felt* by guilty minds,
When conscious of their notice.

The priceless worth of human souls is seen
In the endowment of free agency —
High as heaven, profound as hell, the power
Of good and evil. Every mind creates
Itself a destiny. Each act of wrong
Produced by a free will, augments the source
From which the wrong doth flow, and ev'ry act
Of good forms a benev'lent character:
Thus good and evil action still reacts
Each spirit working out its future doom.

Evil begets its kind, and so doth good;¹¹
And souls benignant, in whose inner life
The flame of love burns vigorous and pure,
Diffuse around a blessing on all things
That move within the limits of their sphere.

The power of love is stronger than the might
Of all things earthly. The dumb creature feels
Its holy influence ; and God himself regards
Contrite affection, the best sacrifice
The human soul can offer to its Lord.
He that can walk abroad, with bosom warm
With interest and love for living things,
Possesses heaven's secret. His heart is blest,
While its outflowing goodness blesses all
The various forms of life along his path : —
In all the creatures form'd for human use
There is a sense which wakens gratitude,
For acts that human kindness may bestow.
The sum of happiness in sentient life,
Is increas'd by kind offices of love,
Confer'd on sentient beings. When the bird
Flies to our window, or the neighing steed
Approaches in the pasture — or the dog,
With eye dilated, licks the open hand
Of his lov'd master — 'tis the heart's response
In answer for the kindnesses bestowed.
— O were it granted that the animal
Might but articulate what things are known
And felt by it, how would its words surprise
The mind that always cares for creature wants ;
And how surprise with words of deep reproach,
The unthinking ruler of the thinking brute !

So may the soul create in sentient life,
By its own-action, love and gratitude;
And thus increase the sum of happiness
Within the universe; or it may mar
The natures it might bless; and thus confer
Tortures on beings that have no redress.

But in a higher circle and among
Immortals like itself, the human soul
Fulfil a destiny, fraught with results,
Direful or glorious.— If the spirit be
Filled with the peace of faith, and moved by love
That seeks all human good, then is its life
A blessing; and it sheds on other minds
A precious influence. Within such souls
Love's incense, burn'd in light, has power to shed
A heavenly fragrance o'er the path of life.—
Such minds bestow a blessing far beyond
What learning, wealth, or influence can give:
At their approach vice is abashed, and flies
To his dark haunts; and virtue feels the charm
Of power and love.— The wav'ring are confirm'd;
And angel spirits, hov'ring near, rejoice
In deeds of mercy done by kindred minds.

But if a settled selfishness possess
And rule the will, it spreads a taint abroad

Of fear, oppugnance, or of discontent,
Felt both by reasoning and unreasoning things —
That soul is as a curse, enrob'd in flesh,
Which breathes the blight within its bosom out
On sentient beings which surround its path.
Evil begetteth evil — Selfishness
Begetteth selfishness in other minds —
Wrath engenders wrath; and hatred hate;
The vicious create vice, and vicious minds
When aggregated in communities,
Corrupt the mass; and send an influence forth
Which overshadows mankind, like a curse
That clouds the sun of heaven, and sheddeth down
Blighting and mildew on the minds of men.
Like to the slimy worms, which leave their blight
On every grass blade, and the opening flowers
O'er which they pass.— So evil natures may,
Beginning at the hearth-stone, mar the heart
Of infant years — seduce the youth to sin,
And dye the stain of selfishness more deep
In every nature where their shadows fall —
And like the fabled vampyre fiend, which lives
Upon the life-blood of its best belov'd,
So souls malignant in their influence,
Blight all they reach,— the best belov'd first!

Who can compute the strength of man's free will

To work death evils in the souls of men!
A devil could no more than injure all
Within the compass of his influence!
So does the soul on whom the curse has fall'n,
Of selfishness and hatred unto God.

Such souls transmit their sin —
They impress themselves as with a signature,
On after generations; and 'tis thus
That races are infected with the taint
Of sin's deep leprosy, till nations lie
“Festering in the infection of their guilt.”
And God, in wrath, breaks up the mighty deep
To whelm the guilty race; or sends the plague
To pour infection o'er the cities doomed —
Or human conqueror, with fire and sword,
To smite unworthy races for their crimes,
And rebaptise the earth in blood and flames.

Thus is the soul endowed with power to bless
Or curse the world of sentient life, and bring
The blessing or the wrath of God on men.

And more, the evil which the soul creates
Outlives the mortal life: ¹² and oft when men
Are slumb'ring in their graves augments its power,
And multiplies itself till close of time.

As pebble cast into a quiet lake
Sinks in its waters, but its impress lives,
And spreading on the surface, still expands,
Until it ripples to the farthest shore,
So human life, in the vast teeming sea
Of sentient being cast, creates an eddy
Which expands and rolls, through all the course of
Time,
On to the precincts of Eternity!

Hear yonder spirit lost, — it shrieks a prayer
In vain endeavor to be heard on earth!
Caught ye its import? STOP THE PRESS! it cries;
Issue no other leaf of the profane
And lustful cogitations of my mind:
I honored vice — bepraised the selfish great,
And worshiped intellect, though foul with guilt.
And ev'ry heart that wretch's works pollute,
And ev'ry virtue which they mar in time,
Stings the lost spirit in eternity, —
And as the influence rolls the pangs increase,
And, agonized, the self-condemned soul
Shrieks, STOP THE PRESS! but still the press works on,
And flings the evil to the end of time!
“His works do follow him,” and mighty God,
What free-will'd being can hereafter feel
More just damnation than the wretch defunct,

Who left an influence on earthly thought
That kills the germs of virtue in the soul.

But hark! the angel of th' Apocalypse
Makes affirmation of the righteous dead;
The Holy Spirit beareth witness too —
“Blest are the dead who, dying in the Lord,
Rest from their labors, for their works on earth
Do follow them.” And as the influence
Of their example and their thought moves on,
Blessing the minds of others that remain
Upon the earth, the righteous dead rejoice,
And glorify the God who gave them strength
To do His will in time, and ever joyous
They exult and sing, O holy, holy, holy is the Lord.

The law of God will execute itself
Within the soul forever. While memory lives
Man's earthly history will constitute
Eternal condemnation or reward.¹³
— Thought is imperishable, and every act
Of which the soul was ever cognizant
Is graven on the tablets of the mind,*
Until the books are opened and all things
Are brought forth at the great assize of God.

* * * We have not done with sin

* See this psychological fact illustrated in Abercrombie's *In. Phil.*

When 'tis committed, or when 'tis forgot;
Like unto seeds deep buried in the earth,
Which germinate when thrown up to the sun,
So sin may lie long hidden 'neath the weight
Of life's events, till, in the sunlight of eternity,
Memory again unites the tie that binds
Action and actor in eternal bonds.

— God has united cause and consequence,
Both in the mental and material world —
The effect suggests the cause by mental law,
Fix'd and efficient as the rule of fate:

— As when the effect of some past sin in life
Overtakes a culprit in his after years,
The pain awakens memory — the guilty act
Is reproduced, and self-condemning pangs
Accompany the memory of the deed. —

This is God's law, and every soul that leaves
The mortal for the spiritual sphere
Leaves its chief good, or goes to it in heaven.
If left, 'tis loss — if found, eternal gain.
“Tis home where'er the heart is,” — if on earth,
We leave the objects that we cherish most;
The heart, dissevered from its chosen good,
Will ache and bleed, all anguish'd and bereft.
Thus selfish minds when disembodied feel
The anguish of bereavement; the effect

Suggests the cause — the cause was sin and self,
 And Memory comes and binds upon the soul
 The body of this death. —

But if, in the hereafter, we approach
 Our object of chief love, joy will spring forth,
 And bliss suggests its cause, — that cause is not
 Works done on earth, but CHRIST, THE BLESSED LORD,
 And the heart, satisfied, exults and sings
 “To Him that loved us, and wash’d us from
 Our sins in His own blood, be honor, praise,
 Dominion, glory, ever more.” AMEN.

* * * * *

O living man, while it is called to-day,
 Ponder the question of the Son of God:
 “What will it profit, if a man, to gain
 The whole of earth, should lose the priceless soul;
 Or what for his redemption can he give
 Whose soul is doom’d to die the second death?”

Think, selfish mortal — let your reason grasp
 The import of the question, and then go
 With contrite spirit and believe in Christ —
 So faith that works by love may cast out death
 And give thee life divine, — a life that crowns
 The soul with GLORY — HONOR — IMMORTALITY!





LUCILLA:

TEN SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A LADY OF
FASHION.

A SOCIAL DRAMA.

The following drama of fashionable life originated in a singular incident. There came to the quiet city in which I was residing, an Eastern gentleman [J. G. S.] of character and culture, to deliver a poem at the opening of a new institution for the education of young ladies. It so happened that the president of a neighboring college and the poet of the occasion took tea at my house. We talked of the methods and the matter of a lecture best adapted to interest Western audiences. It was suggested that audiences at the West did not fully appreciate the excellence of many lectures with which they were honored. I was a Western man by experience and predilection; and this may have prompted me to suggest, that what were called excellencies in some lectures might really be defects. Such lectures possessed excellencies of a certain kind, but they were not such as could be designated by the terms *practical* or *natural*. A lecture that magnifies some subject out of its relative importance;—that makes a great matter in words

and phrases out of a common idea, would be more likely to succeed at the East than at the West. It was said that those who emigrated from an older country were generally men of strong purpose and active minds, rather than those who remained behind. Hence, if there were any difference, a lecture embracing the *practical—the real—the useful*, in experience and in progress, presented in fitting and exhilarating phrase and form, would be as likely to be appreciated by the mass-audiences of the West as the East.

Very unexpectedly I noticed that my unthoughtful remarks were taken as indicating a challenge of the merit of lecturers invited from older States. I endeavored to mend the matter by saying that Western taste might prefer the common and practical rather than the elevated and refined; and proposed to test the matter by giving notice that evening that I would myself deliver a lecture in poetry to the same audience in a fortnight from that time, and ask President T. to be present to witness the result. The remark itself perhaps was improper, and its effect indicated that the subject should be dropped. The manner, however, in which it was received stimulated my will to make the effort; and in less than a month the following poem was delivered to an audience composed mostly of the same persons who were present on the evening in question. And, perhaps, for other reasons than its intrinsic value, it was better received than its predecessor.

The Poem is of the composite order, being limited to a few days and to the spare hours which other duties did not demand. I wrought into the thread of the narrative some unpublished pieces which I found among my papers. As from time to time I turned from other duties to rest my mind by a change of thought, I changed the mood and measure of the rhyme, sometimes to suit my own mood, but generally to suit the character of the life-picture I desired to delineate. This rendered the writing easy and pleasant for me; and if I do not misjudge, it will relieve the tedium somewhat for the reader.

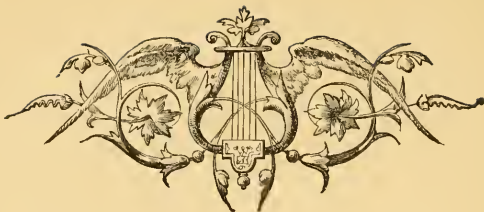
The lady of whose life the drama is a chronotype, was a

highly-gifted woman,—the eldest daughter in a wealthy family. The sketches are a true experience. Some passages may seem intense, some puerile ; but truth is inexorable. I have described the incidents as occurring in a city which is to be the largest interior commercial city of the world, and one in whose past history and present prosperity I have both a moral and a pecuniary interest.

I speak of *scenes in the life of a lady of fashion*. I do not mean by this, that persons of wealth and culture are all devoted to the follies of a heartless life. I am glad to know that this is not always true, especially in the quiet interior cities of the country. Comfort and good taste are not to be condemned as attributes of fashion. The highest culture may be adorned and sweetened by piety ; and large possessions often prompt and aid a life of active goodness.

But fashion often reigns as a tyrant both in large cities and little ones, deforming "the human form divine," and paganizing the person with tawdry stuffs and jewels. How far the Lady of the Drama belonged to one or the other of these classes, it is for the reader to judge. I fear, like too many others, having made a mistake in early life, she was unable to extricate herself in later years, when she awoke gradually to a sense of the evil in which she and her family were involved. Let others profit by her experience, and then, although written hastily, her heart-history will not have been written in vain.

The poem was written for an audience of young ladies, pursuing the higher branches of study, and looking forward to the active world, where each one was soon to have a personal experience — and each to act a part in the Drama of Life. The object was to admonish those who were soon to assume such responsibilities, by delineating the misery and mischief which unfailingly attend a heartless and hypocritical life. It is now given to the public with like hope. May the Good Spirit give it impression.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUCILLA — A lady in fashionable life.

ANN — Her younger and less thoughtful sister.

MISS LESLIE — Daughters in a family that had grown suddenly rich.

ALFRED — A young man between whom and Lucilla there had existed an early and true attachment.

LUCILLA'S HUSBAND, SON, TWO DAUGHTERS, AND OTHER FRIENDS.



LUCILLA — A SOCIAL DRAMA.

SCENE I.

The City, and the Introduction of the Lady.

In the fair West, — upon a bright lake's strand,
Where cities, reared by magic progress, stand, —
Where enterprise, the genius of the place,
Developes energy and adds a grace —
UPROSE THE GARDEN CITY! Earth and air,
And the dull waters seem excited there —
There Wealth is wed to Progress and gives birth
To marts for commerce and saloons for mirth —
Retreats where Vice that shuns the eye of day
Spreads her allurements, and beguiles her prey;
And holy charity her altar rears,
And holds the urn where drop the orphan's tears.

Here dwell'd the fair Lucilla; and to-night
A speculator's mansion is a-light,

And joyous courtesies are passing free
Among a gay assembling company;
Friends meeting friends salute, trained voices sing,
And others join the conversation ring;
Some promenade, while others try their skill
And trip it lightly in the gay quadrille:
But one seems mistress of the festive scene,
Fair and self-conscious as a reigning queen.

There was grace in her movement and light in
her eye;
And the air caught perfume as the maiden pass'd by.
She had braided a rose in her dark auburn hair,
And pearls link'd with gold lay on shoulders so fair —
Her form seems to swim in the maze of the dance,
While the ardor of motion her graces enhance.—
There were few who beheld her in loveliness then
But that maid would come back to their mem'ry again.

Past noon of night in those parlors gay
There's a murmur of voices passing away;
The threshold is cross'd by footsteps light,
And the last "fair" lingerer says "good night!"

When the gay ones were gone Lucilla stood
With a wearied mien and an altered mood.
The light still stream'd with a glint and a glow
From the chandel-a-brás and the drops below:
A thoughtful pause marked the maiden's look,

As in silence one thinks of the sense of a book,
And a deep-drawn sigh gently swell'd her breast,
As she sank on the sofa to think and to rest.

Her mind now traced with an eager flight
The varied scenes of that festive night,
And mingled emotions of pride or scorn —
Of triumph or envy succeed by turn : —
With a wearied frame and an anxious breast
The Lady of Fashion retired to rest,
And while angels of mercy await and weep,
She sinks in a fitful and troubled sleep.

She dream'd of one from the summer land,
Where the wild orange blooms and the breezes are bland,
His bearing was graceful — his deep, dark eye
Follow'd her movements inquiringly ;
His words were few — but spoken with soul
That went to her heart with magic control,
That thro' all her being so subtly wrought,
That words she gave others, while he had her thought.

But he came and went; and she could not tell
If he e'er should return to renew the spell.



SCENE II.

The Novel, the Drama, and the Poor.

It was a fearful night in the mid-winter,
But th' parlor air was soft as summer eve:
The wine geranium and the fragrant shrub
Sprang from their painted vases. Rich curtains hung,
Massive and warm, upon the window frames;
And mellow beams, through soften'd glass diffused,
Lay still and slumb'rous on the parlor scene.

Lucilla sat with mind intent upon
The last new story of a novelist; —
The tale was false to nature, and gave views
Of love and duty all untrue to life: —
The lady's heart was melted with the woe
Of the ideal hero: — Absorb'd she sat;
Her mind entranced; her interest intense;
Forgetful of the world in which she lived; —
Awake to nothing but the writer's thought.

Without the winds blew fierce and fitfully,
Drifting in chilling eddies thro' the street
— But hark, the bell — Lucilla look'd and spoke —
“ Who rung? ” — “ Who 's out, a horrid night like this? ”
The servant tells —

Servant. A woman's in the hall,
And begs to see the lady: —

Lucilla. Let her in: —
A shiv'ring widow thus her tale relates: —

Oh lady, turn me not away
Till you have heard my tale of sorrow,
My little boy has died to-day —
Poor child, they bury him to-morrow.

When he was sick, how sad and slow
I went to work, and left him crying,
But some days past I could not go,
For ev'ry day I thought him dying.

Lady! I have another child,
I came away and left her sleeping —
Poor Ellen Jane! — she looked so wild
When Willie died, and I was weeping.

Indeed I never beg'd before,
For I can work, and I am willing;
Nor would I now stand at your door
But for the sake of little Ellen.

Poor child,— she cried herself to sleep,
And when she felt the pangs of hunger,
It griev'd her so to see me weep,
She said she still could bear them longer.

Dear lady, give the smallest sum,—
A loaf of bread costs but a shilling;
And if you doubt, your maid may come
And see it's truth that I am telling.

A sigh,—an earnest look, sad and sincere,
Accompanied the widow's tale of woe.

Lucilla heard in silence — not a look,
Nor indication that she had a heart,
Was visible in feature or in voice.
Her face was beautiful; but statue like,
'Twas cold in beauty, as the chisel'd stone.
Her sister woman's sorrow mov'd her not —
Absorb'd in the false tale she coldly said,
“The servant will go back with you, and get
Some cold provision for your starving child.”

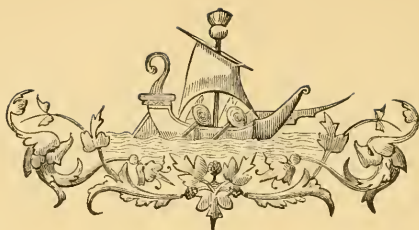
— What palsied thus Lucilla's heart, and chill'd
The milk of human kindness in her breast?
— The novel and the drama: — they had kill'd
And clos'd the soul to Mercy's sweet behest —
Exaggeration and factitious woe
Had wrung and wrought and overwrought her heart,

'Till scenes of real life which fell below
The tale of Fancy, could no power impart
To move her sympathies, or make her feel
A sister's interest in a sister's weal.

Refrain—

But is all fiction evil? — may not thought,
Portraying true heart history, be given
In fitting phrase, with Virtue's praise inwrought,
While Vice and Sham to their low haunts are driven?
— Perhaps 'tis true,—but few select the pure
From pools of poison and remain secure
From evil taint: — and all hearts take their hue
From thoughts with which they converse — false or true.





SCENE III.

A Prologue, and the Fashionable Call.

How sweet the social courtesies of life,
When unconstrain'd by forms and fallacies.
When friendship finds its true affinity
In other minds, then social ties are blest —
To feel that we have friends who know our hearts
As we know theirs. Thus freed from false constraint,
Friendship is blest by liberty and love.

But Fashion's vot'ries live a double life —
The outward semblance and the inward truth.
All souls are conscious what they ought to be,
And oftentimes assume the garb of truth,
While hollow phrase of love and courtesy
Cover the real motions of the mind.
— Here followeth a scene, an ev'ry-day
Exhibit of the life of the false world
Of Fashion :

THE FASHIONABLE CALLS.

LUCILLA *and her* COUSIN *in the parlor. Enter the*
MISSSES LESLIE.

Miss L. Good morning, Lucilla — why how *do*
you do?

I am really glad you are looking so well;
And how is your cousin? — Why Jane, is it true
That you're to be married? — Now Jenny, *do* tell?
Jenny. What nonsense — (he, he!) can you think
so of me;

Why Charley has called — I hardly know when;
'Tis easier to marry than (he, he,) to get free
When married.

Lu. Have you call'd on the Perrys again?

Miss L. Why, la! I've neglected them. — Well, I
must go

Day after to-morrow. — Oh, no, let me see —
I'm engaged on that night. — Do the Wickershams
know

Of the concert next Friday?

Lu. Indeed, I can't say.

Miss L. The Claytons have gone to the Springs.
Did you hear that Delia has join'd St. Paul's church?

Jenny. He, he! No!

Miss L. Well, it's true — for Tim Jackson was
there, and he *see* 'er. —

Oh dear, how we're staying! Come, Sue, let us go.
 — Now, Cillie, do call, just as soon as you can,
 And bring in your cousin. — I am sure it's so nigh
 That you might call often. — And Jennie do come
 And sit a whole evening; he, he, he! Good bye.

[*Exeunt the MISSES LESLIE.*]

Said Lucilla — How low these Miss Leslies appear; —
 They have nothing on earth but their wealth to
 commend them;
 I am really glad sister Ann was not here,
 For she hates them intensely and means to offend
 them.

Said the Leslies — Lucilla looks really old;
 I wonder why people pay her such attention; —
 And I know the reason why Ann acts so cold,
 And so does our Richard — Let's call on Miss
 Empshin.

2d Leslie. No, let us wait, for I have heard
 That Empshin's going to fail;
 Old Peterkin's gone by the board,
 And Empshin was his bail —
 Oh no, we must not call to-day —
 Their character's in doubt;
 We may be caught — let's stay away,
 And see how it turns out.

But let us call on Anné Bright,

For Richard says, when last he met her,
She had her colors on just right —

An angel could not look *no* better.

1st Leslie. Wonder where Anné buys her white,

They say she's never seen without it.

I've heard she is a perfect fright

When she's not painted: * *

2d Leslie. Who can doubt it.

Thus, the poor devotees of Fashion live

A heartless, aimless and deceitful life ;

Go, upright man, implore kind heaven to give

A WOMAN — not an angel — for a wife.

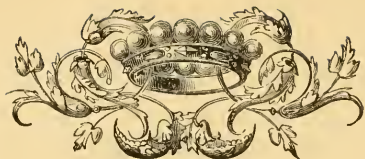
Refrain —

In this commonplace world — if the truth must be told,

Angel wives we will gladly forego ;

Flesh and blood is far better, — and over the river

Our wives will be angels, you know.



SCENE IV.

The Fashionable Sabbath and Fashionable Church.

'Tis Sabbath morning in the month of June;
The sun has risen in splendor. The light wind
Breathing among the trellis'd vines, has kissed
Their fragrant buds, and so its breath is balm.
But in yon home of affluence and ease
The sash is closed, that the fresh morning air,
Perfum'd by Hygiene's breath, may not intrude.

Within her chamber, splendidly attired,
Sat fair Lucilla. Her white slender hand
Was pressed upon her side, and a slight sigh
Betoken'd pain. Misguided care in youth
Had wrapped her person in so many folds
Of warm, luxurious garments, the fresh air
Which gives life-vigor to the form divine,
And the free exercise, which God ordain'd
To waken perspiration and give health,
Were all unknown to her. Her form constrained
By Fashion's cruel and controlling power
Into proportions so unnatural,

And so adverse to action, the poor girl
Had but the semblance, not the joy of health.

—Nervous she sat. Before her lay the rouge,
And those appliances which Fashion gives
Instead of beauty. She arose, and stood
Before the mirror — changed her posture oft,
Surveyed herself in various attitudes.

* * But hark! — a voice — her sister comes in
haste,
Anxious what Sabbath costume she shall wear.

Enter ANN.

Ann. Cille, suppose I wear, to-day,
My dove silk dress and plain French collar?
Would my light slippers look too gay?
— I'll never give another dollar
To Madame Français. — My new hat
Is a mere botch — I hate to wear it —
She's done with me! — I'll tell her that! —
I'll let her know that I'll not bear it.

Lucilla. What nonsense, Ann — 'tis well enough;
The hat she made for Frances Fuller
Is just like yours, — of just such stuff,
Except the difference in the color.

Ann. I hate to wear it, — if I do,
'T will set those silly Leslies gazing;

When one comes out with something new
The people stare so — 'tis amazing,
— But there's the bell — well, we must go —
Do you think George Day 'll be out this morning?
— I really wish that I could know.
— The Petershams are in deep mourning. * *
— Wonder who's dead?

Lucilla. Why, make haste, Ann;
The bells have been some time a-ringing:
We ought to be there, if we can,
Before they're through with the first singing.

Mark those young ladies: they are beautiful;
The elder one is stately, and her mien
Betrays the consciousness that she has felt
The prestige of position. They have pass'd
Into an edifice whose towering spire,
Rich painted windows, and well-furnished pews
Tell us that men of dignity and wealth
Profess to love the lowly Nazarene.

The minister is eloquent. He bears
Himself with ease and dignity, and speaks
With a becoming reverence of Christ,
The glorious Saviour. But his truth is tame,
And his fine voice devoid of earnestness.
He lacks heart-power to give his preaching soul,
And speak with prophet's courage against sin.

He has not learned the faithfulness of Christ,
 Who spoke the truth in love, and yet denounced
 Pride, privilege and vice in church and state —
 Ambition, lust and subtle selfishness,
 In all their myriad forms, Jesus reprov'd —
 Reprov'd dogmatic hypocrites and scribes,
 And doctors of divinity * — all who seek
 For lucre's bribe, or to be seen of men.

But one, unlike the Master, stood to teach
 The Master's precepts. Skillful to o'erlook
 Sin in high places, — wise to dogmatize
 On texts and doctrines, — zealous for a sect;
 And in most polished phrase to generalize
 On sin's great evils, and the love of God.

With an inviting clause the sermon closed.
 The doctor prayed, the purchased quartette sung —
 The soulless organ piped its melody
 Unto the congregation — not to God, —
 Pealing its master harmonies in ears
 Which heard the sound *without the sense of truth*.

Lucilla thought the singing exquisite, —
 The alto executed admirably.

* Matt. xxiii : 8, " Be ye not called Rabbi."—JESUS CHRIST. This word has precisely the import of Doctor of Divinity. " Jesus forbade his disciples to seek [receive] such titles of distinction. The reason He gave was that He was Himself their Master and Teacher."—*Albert Barnes*, an authority accepted by those who willingly disobey this positive command of Jesus.

But Ann was vex'd. — The Leslies gazed about,
And spoke her name too loud as they came out.
— She said that the fools meant to let people know
That they knew *her*, by *hollering* in company so.

Sunday evening. LUCILLA'S soliloquy.

In quiet hours Lucilla had her thoughts
Of sacred subjects, much above the range
Of common minds. Kind nature had bestow'd
On her the boon of gifted intellect,—
The heartless world had her affections chill'd,
And had perverted, but yet could not kill
Her better reason. In meditation oft
She spoke in language of deep, searching thought —
It seem'd as tho' a light were in her soul
That might have led her to the gate of heaven:
This Sabbath night — the Bible in her hand,
She talked and mus'd in bitter words like these:

*If I were sure Christianity were true,
I should be miserable! If this strange book
Be light from heaven, 'tis light that blinds the eyes!
Yet 't may be so! A gospel to the soul
That seeks for peace in purity and love,
And teaches men to find their happiness
In labors for their kind, — cares for the poor, —
Calls God our Father — men a brotherhood —
If this be falsehood, then, what would be truth?*

The text to-day was clear, — “Christ came to
preach
The gospel to the poor — to heal the sick —
To open the blind eyes, and liberate
The captive.”

The doctor made it plain, —
But still the fact — the staring fact remains,
The poor are shut as truly from our pews
As though church officers stood at the door
To drive them from its threshold! —

And then the text —
“To open the blind eyes.” Pray, who are they
Whose eyes are opened now to see the world
As those apostles saw it? — “*There’s the rub!*”
— If this New Testament be true, I fear
Our views of it are false. But still, ’tis not
For me to judge. The world is different now
From what it was: — Perhaps the church is right.

The preacher said our nature must be chang’d
Ere we find happiness in Christian life. —
What is that change? Is Mrs. Self hood chang’d?
Yes — chang’d as much as Ann and I are chang’d.

[ANN (*interjecting*) — Why, Cille, you fool, we were
changed by the chrism
The minister used in the rite of baptism.] —

Does Mr. Mundane live a Christian life? —
 Then what is Christian life? Is it fulfill'd
 By a profession, while our daily walk
 Follows the forms and fashions of the world?
 Is this to bear the cross? — My soul is sick!
 Such mockery is baseness and a crime.
 — The lewd, the base, the shallow and the vain
 Wear on their persons and their books a cross —
 The badge of self-denial unto death.
 What arrant hypocrites! This volume says
 “ Friends of the world are enemies of God.”
 But that makes *me* His enemy, — yes, *me*!
 It can't be true, — I'm not His enemy!
 But would a friend refuse t' obey His will?
 * * Perhaps God has no will! — that can't be so,
 For I have will; and if God has a will,
 And my will differs from the will divine,
 God must submit to me, or I to God.
 * * Is that the issue? Is there no escape?

And then there's Mr. Manfold and his wife,
 Possessing wealth and all the means to live
 As others do. Sure, they are not like me.
 Is it the Christian faith that gives them peace?
 I doubt it. Yet how earnest and how sweet
 That Mrs. Manfold is. — She told me once
 That love of Jesus was the Christian's life,

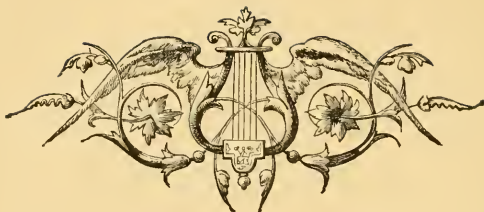
And that 't was pleasant to deny herself,
 For Jesus' sake, by labors to do good:—
 She said "faith works by love."—Perhaps it does,
 In her. In some it works by hate—
That much I know. Can faith work contraries?
 'Tis in the nature—not the creed—*that's it!*—
 I have it now!—*'tis nature and not faith.*
 —But Mrs. Manfold says that once she sought
 Her happiness in pleasure and found pain,
 As I do now—As all self-seekers do.
 Alas! Alas! I'm weary of my thought.
 'Tis hard to find the truth. I sometimes think
 There is no truth.—And yet there must be truth.—
 Pilate, you question'd well: Ask'd Jesus, "What *is*
 truth?"

And why, O Christ, didst Thou not answer him?
 O God, if God there be,—*where? what is truth?*

* * * * *

Well, Cille, said Ann,
 If you're done with your preaching—look here;
 This fringe is all soil'd—I must have a new fan
 And such things are confoundedly dear.
 —George Day wasn't there.—Did you notice Miss Jones
 Try to show folks her dear little feet?
 —What an awkward young man sat with old daddy
 Holmes!—

Oh dear! I want something to eat. [Exit ANN.



SCENE V.

Wedlock and the Wedding.

Hail wedded love — a benison that brings
Peace to the truly good and virtuous breast ;
The earth has not among her precious things
An influence so priceless and so blest
As that affection which in wedlock binds
In harmony of will two mated minds.

Lucilla lov'd, but not with sincere
And consecrate affection which is felt
By the true-hearted. Ambition, worldly aims,
And love of lucre mingled their alloy,
Tainting the sweetest fount that flows on earth —
A bride's affection.

In early years
Lucilla had a secret of the heart,
Known now but to herself and the All-wise : —
A manly youth had met her oftentimes
In a retir'd circle. She knew well

The worth of his true heart. Her maiden instinct saw
Something in Alfred's manner and his eye
That told a secret women love to learn —
She felt the charm, and yet she gave no sign:
But oft she thought: — It may not be, and yet,
He could award me tenderness and trust
Of which low natures are incapable.

Alfred was poor — Lucilla felt the ban;
She had a strength of purpose and a will
That could have burst it. But the laugh
Of the gay world — estranged associates,
The anticipated pangs of wounded pride —
Even the Leslie's sneer, whom she despised —
Forbade her heart congenial fellowship.

That secret will not die but in her grave.

Refrain —

— And yet, 'tis well — a man of sense may wed
A maiden of sweet heart, and raise her head
Into the social circle where he moves —
But 'tis not so with woman — if she loves
Without her sphere — she drinks love's bitter cup;
She can't go down and bring her lover up.

Lucilla gave her hand to one who was
Her equal in the world's false estimate.
She did not hate him — nay, perhaps she lov'd;
She thought she did, when she could keep her mind

From certain thoughts which sometimes troubled her.
Her suitor could not love — he had no heart;
His mind was not inferior, and his name
Was common in high circles; but his heart
Had been exhausted, and his conscience kill'd
By meretricious amours. 'Tis sad but true,
His marriage was no secret to the frail
And fallen creature whose embrace he left,
To vow eternal constancy to one
Of whom he was unworthy. *But 'tis thus*
In the gay world!

The marriage pomp was o'er, * *
The journey finished, and the settlement —
Lucilla still seem'd happy: — Perhaps she was! —
She hoped she should be happy: — Hoped she was!

Another had his thoughts. Alfred knew well
That vice confirmed, like the dread vampyre's tooth
Extracts the love-life from the victim's heart.
He could forecast the future, and he fear'd
That hope, and peace, and all were lost to one
Who had the heart-thought of his early years.
But for himself he now could feel no loss,
A truer heart sat in his pleasant home;
Success was his, and a good name; but still
He pitied his old friend, and thus express'd
In modest verse his sense of the event: —

ALFRED'S STANZAS ON LUCILLA'S MARRIAGE.

I saw a maiden freshly fair
As summer day in spring,
With lips as ripening roses are
That shed their fragrance on the air
T' embalm the zephyr's wing.

I saw her thread the wildering maze
Of Fashion's flow'ry way,
Elicit light from starry eyes,
And court the smile, and win the gaze
Of th' opulent and gay.

I saw her in her maiden prime
For sordid lucre sold;
She wreath'd with gloom the brow of Time,
And gave her heart at Hymen's shrine,
A sacrifice to gold.

I ask'd a youth of pleasing mien,
Who once admired the maid,
How she could waste love's gen'rous glow
On sullied lips and sordid brow —
* * *He turn'd away and sigh'd.*



SCENE VI.

Maternity.

Maternity, thy fond solicitudes
Evince the wisdom of the Blessed One,
Who bindeth to the mother's heart the babe
By holy ties.

And thus, as time pass'd on,
Upon the arm of a fair lady lay
A sprightly child — sprightly, but oftentimes
Unlovely and perverse. 'Twas Fashion's child,
And had imbibed its parents' nervousness.
Its vital powers were much impair'd by ills,
Which enervation and luxurious ease
Had wrought upon its parents. A fair child
And yet prepense to bad development.

Lucilla hum'd a cradle-song, and sought
To soothe it into rest, but sought in vain ;
The mother's efforts seem'd to kindle rage
In its infantile bosom : — still she seeks
To win it to repose by ev'ry art

Which mothers know, but seeks, alas! in vain.
And now, her patience wearied by the task,
Has yielded, and with violence she shakes
The startled infant. It looks wild and screams,
Red'ning with tiny rage. The mother sighs,
And calls the maid to take the child away,
And soothe its perverse will as best she may.

SUB-SCENE — SEVEN YEARS LATER.

[*LUCILLA in the sitting-room rocking a babe. Enter a sprightly boy, seven years old, whose will had never been subdued.*]

Mother. Why, Edward Alwin! come to mother,
dear —

Sweet little Allie is good boy to-day;
Allie may have some playthings and stay here,
For mother loves to see good children play.

Child. Ma, may I have my hobby-horse, and keep
My drum in here, and march about the room?

Mother. Allie would wake his sister from her sleep;
But Ma will find some things for Allie soon.

Child. No, Ma, I want them *now*.—I want to play
With hobby and the whip;—now, Ma, I do.

Mother. But Allie was to be good boy to-day;
And Ma will buy him sugar things, you know.

Child. Ma, buy them now, — let Sally go down
town
And get them, Ma, and I'll be good all day,

Alfred, be still! said his mother, with a frown.
Be still! or I will send you right away.

The boy is vex'd, and sulks against the wall; —
Mutters displeasure, — whines, and now he cries.
His mother sends him out into the hall,
To keep the babe from waking with the noise; —
Then calls the maid to take the boy away,
And soothe his perverse will as best she may.

Such, oft, are Fashion's children. In later years
If maids unfit for mothers — invalids,
Deceiving others with false forms, false colors
And false heart. If men, debased by vice,
And wanting manly strength and honesty, —
Wills unsubdued, and restless whene'er sense
And sensuous pleasures fail to gratify.
Alas for man or woman who is doomed
By birth and fortune to this venal sphere,
Where fashion, without conscience, worships gold,
And marriage is a purchase and a fraud.

Refrain —

Thank God for sturdy workers, man and wife,
To give a race of men to bear the trust

Our fathers have transmitted; and thank God
For freedom, piety, and schools and law
That give a discipline of heart and mind
To men and women who transmit their strength
To after generations. This is the deep
Pivotal blessing which our land can boast;—
While wealth oftentimes breeds feebleness and vice,
Labor and virtue give us minds and men.^a





SCENE VII.

The Matron.

Years had passed o'er Lucilla, and her life
Was wearing to its evening. She had seen
Much secret sorrow — had heard bitter words —
Had known desertion and an aching heart;
But still her gay companions knew it not: —
The outward seeming of her life ran on
Happy as other matrons of her class.

All the appliances that worldlings use
To kill the time, or ease the restless mind,
Or cheat each other by appearances
Of wealth or happiness, were known to her: —

The opera was visited, where art,
Devoid of natural melody and sense,
Transforms sweet music to artistic noise —
Where Fashion's fools are doom'd to sit and hear
What does not interest them; then doom'd to lie,
And speak as tho' they much admir'd the skill

That tortures music to hysteric fits; *
 And lov'd strange grimace and affected tone,
 Better by far than true and lofty thought,
 When married to a pleasant melody.^b

Niag'ra and the Springs were visited —
 Where each perforce seems glad and gay, but most
 Are sinister at heart, eager for notice,
 Striving and anxious for acknowledgment
 In leading circles, or to make display
 That indicates their wealth to practic'd eyes;
 While in their private rooms are flippant words
 Contemptuously or enviously express'd
 In the cant phrase which Fashion's vot'ries use
 In the home circle. * *

Lucilla saw it all,
 And felt within her soul its hollowness —
 To escape she could not — to reflect was pain —
 Alone, at night, when all but she had gone
 To smile upon a courtesan from France —
 Rachel,— the lewd,— she thus soliloquised:

* "Music has for a long time been avowedly mad,—divorced from sense and fact, and associated with fiction and delirium only."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

"There is not one in fifty of those fashionable people who attend the opera that have any discriminating apprehension of the character of the music." Yet there is not one in fifty of them that would not lie if you asked them how they were pleased with the performance.—ALEX. KNOX.

LUCILLA'S SOLILOQUY ON THE THEATRE.

I can not kill the time — I still must think!
Think! think! — and less at ease the more I think —
That theatre! — would that fanatic priests
Could make the world admit what I have learn'd,
That play-houses breed social pestilence —
My erring son enticed within its haunts
By artful syrens, and their Circean cup,
Is making shipwreck of his mind and means! —
My daughter, too! elated by the eclat,
Encore and clap a harlot from Paris! —
— I too must seem to admire the gilded sin,
Or else be marked as stoical and strange.
Alas! where is our virtue, when the bounds
Of right and wrong are blended, and the young
Applaud the lech'rous and the profligate.

But then 'tis said amusements are a need —
Something to exhilarate and vary thought —
The plea is true for lab'ring, studious minds —
But 'tis the idle, vicious, and the gay
That join their voices in the box and pit: —
Do those at ease, and those of little thought,
Need plays to ease them of their mental toil? —
The thoughtful worker with the mind or arm
Is seldom there.—The plea is misapplied;
If it were true 'twould be irrelevant,

For strong emotion does not rest the mind;
Exciting scenes deprave or overtax
The sensibility. Thus incidents
That form the common warp and woof of life
That make home happy to the pure in heart,
Become insipid to the vapid minds
Depleted by the stage; and so they seek
Excitement, as the drunkard seeks his cup! °

And then how few the plays in which the sense
Of virtuous families — (if such there be
That frequent these debauch'ries of the soul) —
How few in which there is not introduced
Some one whose words apologize for sin,
Or make insidious assaults upon
The modesty and truth of wedded love?
And husbands, sons, yea, *daughters* laugh at scenes
Which taint heart purity, and thus induce
A heart defection from right principle —
Thus are we hypocrites, whose virtue stands
In custom or in caution.— Alas! alas!
I see the poison, but must swallow it.

—Just then her daughter enters and rejoins—
Mother, Camille was true as life to-night —
But brother was enraptured by the grace
Of the maid-servant in the minor piece,
Who kissed Sir George, and promis'd not to tell.

Lu. Leave me, Augusta, — you will drive me mad.
Those baleful play-houses corrupt us all.

Aug. Why, mother, you alarm me! — are you ill?

Lu. Leave me, my child; I can not now disclose
The thoughts that trouble me.

Increasing care thus weighed upon the heart
Of our poor friend, Lucilla. Her only son,
And two fair daughters grown to womanhood,
Absorb'd by night and day the matron's thought
Their father had grown old and taciturn,
As most men do of wealth and secret vice,
When age comes on and death is calling them.
— Her son was shallow and a libertine;
Her daughters fair and false as she had been,
Only remov'd more nearly to the pit
Where, in three generations, fashion ends
In nervousness, disease or poverty.
The mother fear'd the end, and oft a voice
Said to her soul she'd lived in vain, and worse —
Had rear'd her children to live more in vain
Than she had done.

Sometimes, when a deep sense of her lost life —
Her disappointed heart, and the dark cloud
That hung upon the future, stirr'd her soul,
She spoke in measures of the plaintive muse,
Such words, as with true pathos often clothe

The thought of gifted thinkers.—Those rare minds
 Alone and separate, because their souls
 Are singularly gifted. * * *
 They sing apart, and listen to their own sad melodies,
 As one that hears an echo in her heart
 — Sing strains borne of an untold experience,
 Mind-orphans, nursed in solitude and tears.

Such lonely thinker was our gifted friend.

When the remembrance of her early years
 Came to her mind, Lucilla mused and mourn'd
 In strains like these:

LUCILLA'S DREAM OF YOUTH.

I.

Methought I reposed on the banks of a stream,
 That, purling o'er pebbles, flowed murmuring by;
 Its surface, ensilver'd by Cynthia's beam,
 Reflected the star-jewel'd vault of the sky.

II.

And I thought that sweet melody, dulcet and wild,
 As a hymn of the wood-nymphs, pass'd by on the
 gale,
 Or the melodied notes of Simplicity's child,
 When his reed's gentle echo dies down in the vale.

III.

Enraptur'd by music, ineffable power,
 I listen'd, — and lo! the sweet euphony sprung

From an island, where roses encircled a bower,
And LOVE, HOPE and FANCY in unison sung.

IV.

The waves, circumambient, kissed as they flowed,
And dappled the turf on the verge of the stream;
And flowers, and foliage all soften'd and glow'd
Like the cheek of an infant that smiles in a dream.

V.

Entranc'd by the vision I chided delay,
And long'd o'er the silvery waters to glide;
On the wave's yielding bosom I floated away,
And buoyant with hope, cleft the eddying tide.

VI.

But the voice of the singers, in rhapsody sweet,
So mingled itself with the life of my dream,
That my soul liv'd and mov'd in illusion complete:
For the island receded along with the stream!

VII.

Yet with song in the distance, the isle in my eye,
And hope in my heart, were my efforts increas'd;
Thus I floated, till clouds overshadow'd the sky,
The landscape receded! the melody ceased!

VIII.

Oft an an angel-like voice with significance rife
Would whisper, O sleeper look up to the skies!
There hope is fruition, and love is a life —
The world is delusion — awake, and be wise!

IX.

Still I slept, till chill blasts swept the face of the stream ; —

Dark clouds and rude billows encompass'd the way —
Then blight struck the island! — I woke! — 'twas a dream —

A dream of youth's morning fulfill'd in life's day!

— Sometimes, when hope of earthly good seem'd dead,
When Past and Future met in one condens'd
And gloomy shadow o'er Lucilla's soul,
She almost wish'd to die; and then she sang,
In a sad, sorrowing voice, this dirge to hope:

DIRGE.

Sustaining, yet deceptive Hope, farewell! —
Last earthly solace, must we ever part?
No more to cheer me with thy halcyon spell, —
No more to soothe my aching, aching heart.

My cup of life with misery is mix'd, —
My soul has felt the fest'ring, cureless sting, —
The canker-worm on my heart's strings is fix'd,
Blighting Hope's fragile blossoms as they spring.

And fell despair! — his breath so cold and chill!
And icy fingers freeze my spirits up;
My poor, poor heart — how sad it is, and still —
And gall and wormwood mingle in my cup.

I hate the things I thought would pleasure give —
They can not solace Sorrow's foster-child; —
In deserts drear, where the gaunt monsters live,
My heart could echo back their howlings wild.

Oh! my sad heart! — and must I be resign'd,
Nor love, nor hope, to ever know again; —
Is there no dwelling-place a wretch may find,
Unmock'd by Fashion's hollow, horrid reign?

Refrain —

Yes, sad and stricken spirit, there *is* balm
To cause thine anguish ever more to cease.
Would that thine eyes could see the Martyr-Lamb,
Thy Friend — Immanuel — Prince of Love and Peace:
Dead Hope — now buried, into life would spring,
And thy crush'd heart would worship, pray and sing.





SCENE VIII.

Wedding of Lucilla's Daughter.

This week there is a smile upon the face
Of the gay callers: — Whispers, knowing looks,
Are interchang'd in certain companies: —
A secret is pass'd round *so* privately,
And told with a strict charge, that each must keep
The trust from other ears; — a charge observ'd
Till the first opportunity is given
To ease the burden'd mind, and pass the tale
To other keepers — with th' injunction still
That no one knows, and no one must be told.
— The talkers whisper thus : —

First Voice. For my part, says one, I never sup-
posed
That Augusta would marry Tom Bute;
Did you hear that last winter the fellow proposed
And Miss Lovelace rejected his suit?

Second Voice. I've heard that he gambles —

First Voice. Then this is his plan —
And I think the whole thing's very wrong;

He's after her money, and thinks the old man
Will certainly die before long.

Third Voice. He may be mistaken. I really believe
The old fellow will live on for years;
He knows that they're longing to mourn o'er his grave,
And he'll live,—just to spite his poor heirs.

Second Voice. Now, Julia, don't mention that my
Pa is rich,
Or Joe Orton will call here for tea;
They say he'll have money, or live an old bach,
—An old bach he may live, for all me.

Third Voice. Sue, that's all a sham — Orton told
me last week
That rich girls he should always despise;
He wanted a wife that could cook a beef-steak,
Wash dishes, and make pumpkin pies.

First Voice. How horridly vulgar! — why what a
baboon! —
Such impudence surely is shocking! —
I presume the first thing after the honeymoon
He would ask one to darn his old stocking!

Second Voice. La! how I'm disgusted, the poor,
silly fool,
He was just talking so to be funny —
Does his Ma know he's out; she should send him to
school
To learn that he'd starve without money.

Third Voice. Well, I'm glad that she's off. For
one, I can't see
But he's good as she is, after all; —
Come in when the wedding is over, and we
Will make the new bride a first call.

With a smile of assent the young lady withdrew,
But the secret, pent up in her mind,
Struggled hard to get out,— so she call'd on Miss True
To help her to keep it confin'd.

Refrain—

But Lucilla is thoughtful, and has tried to pray
For the weal of her daughter, who marries to-day.

THE WEDDING.

Fair and bright, on the wedding night,
Appear'd Lucilla's daughter,
And a form in Fashion's dress and grace
Stood by her at the altar.

Her heart was glad — but her mother's sad —
Sad with apprehension,
That things may be in futurity,
That she never dar'd to mention.

With a smile and tear the daughter dear
Salutes her faithful mother;
While her hand and heart, till death may part,
Is promised to another.

Her father laugh'd as the wine he quaff'd,—
'Twas more than mere pretenses,—
For he felt that he was now to be
Released from her expenses.

Refrain —

We may not tell, with a wizard,
The history of that daughter;
The earth has woes, and her husband knows
The reason why he sought her.





SCENE IX.

Death and Burial of Lucilla's Husband.

How sad the hist'ry of a grov'ling life, —
The sensuous excitements, — selfish schemes
Of an immortal mind, that knows no thought, —
No motive, — no desire beyond the bounds
Of this gross earth. The dregs of life to such
Are bitterness and ashes in the Soul.

Lucilla's husband near'd the close of life:
Her woman's heart still true, but tried,
Alleviated as she could his pains, —
Forgave the past, and bore in quietness
Murmurs of discontent against herself,
The doctors, and the providence of God.
At length his spirit fled; and the cold clay
Bore indications that the soul was seized
And startled into terror, as it passed
The veil that opens to eternity.*

* See Dr. Nelson on impressions made on the features by the last thoughts of the dying.

The funeral pomp was solemn and prolong'd,
 — The carriages of wealthy families —
 Some tenanted, some tenantless within,
 Were joined by a long line of purchas'd pomp
 And empty vehicles. 'Twas Fashion's show
 Of worldly ostentation, even in death —
 Yea, in the grip of death — O painful sight!
 Fashion grins ghastly in funereal garb,
 And mocks true sorrow by hypocrisy.

A monument was reared whose epitaph
 Spoke of an upright man, — a husband kind, —
 An unexampled parent, and a friend
 To every good endeavor. Thus he sleeps,
 His mould'ring ashes cover'd by a lie.

But the Recording Angel, in the book
 Of doom, reversed the epitaph, and wrote
 This final record for the sleeper's soul:

A sordid, — proud, — rebellious mind, — confirm'd
 In selfishness. Scaled and deliber'd up
 To die the second death. SCULPT. *'Αμην*.

The funeral o'er, the mourning family
 Consid'ring whether all things have been done,
 In due accordance with their dignity,
 Thus spake, in accents sharp, Lucilla's son:

Edward. The Perrys were not here. — Our girls
went down,

On a wet day, to 'tend their daughter's marriage ;
They're wond'rous big since they have moved up town ;
They should have come, or sent along their carriage.

Aug. I'm really glad that Col. G. was here ;
It shows he is a fast and real friend.

Ed. They say he's now almost a millionaire. —
I wonder why the Pitkins didn't attend. —
We'll let them go ; — our father often said
A friend in life and death is hard to find.
— The funeral bills must all be promptly paid ; —
And mother, you must try to be resigned.

But Lucilla was silent, — her thoughts seem'd to
seek

Bright spots in his life who was gone ;
And a tear trick'led down o'er her pale faded cheek ;
For she felt that she now was ALONE !





SCENE X.

Lucilla's Widowhood, Illness and Death.

Thoughtful, sedate and lone,
Our aged friend appears;
Yet, dignified, she walkest down
Into the vale of years.

She does not often dwell
Upon the past in life;
For there were scenes she may not tell
In her hist'ry as a wife.

And when her mind surveys
The future, she has fears;
And often to herself she says,
"THIS WORLD'S A VALE OF TEARS."

But ere the worst was known
Of the evil yet to come,
Heaven call'd Lucilla to lie down
And rest in her narrow home.

The Fever spirit call'd away
The weary pilgrim, sad and gray. —

Declining, slowly, day by day,
She sank into the tomb.

But still, in sadness, sickness, death, —
When the breast heav'd with lab'ring breath,
She thought, but spake not of the path
That led her into gloom.

When reason was enthron'd she thought
Intensely of her future lot, —
"Is there a second death or not?"
And oftentimes she said

She thought God would in mercy bear
With those who suffer'd so much here; —
She wish'd to hope, and yet had fear
In ref'rence to the dead.

At times her soul look'd up to heaven
And uttered prayer to be forgiven;
Then, wand'ring, thought she saw a raven
Flitting across the room.

Then fever'd dreams bro't youthful days, —
In dreams she walk'd in pleasant ways,
And smiled and utter'd words of praise
About a name unknown.

One evening she, with lab'ring breath,
Seem'd conscious of the approach of death,

And murmur'd, — “O, for living faith
To trust in God’s dear Son!”

’Twas Sabbath morn, when round her bed
The whisper passed, — “Dear mother’s dead!”

* * * * *

Beside her husband they have made
Lucilla’s sepulchre.

Thus ends the tale, — and while we say
Anathema to Fashion’s sway,
That led her steps from peace away,
We’ll drop a tear for her.



NOTES.

[A]

It is not true of every wealthy family that their offspring become enervated in person and morals. Some parents perceive the tendency, and its causes, and will not permit their children to be confined on school seats, and crammed with school literature, such as mental arithmetic and a half dozen geographies, most of the years that physical development should be secured by actual exercise that requires muscular exertion. Some men begin, also, to think of posterity in their matrimonial arrangements. The offspring of one of the sons of John Jacob Astor, who has just married a young woman, fresh and strong in person and in heart, will be known as men and women on the Hudson, when that of the other brother, should he marry a debilitated fashionable of the second generation, will have gone to —. He may escape, likewise, the other evil of the false social life and burdens of American fashion, which is more adverse to happiness than the life of a coal miner.

[B]

OPERATIC MUSIC — In the "Dumfries Album" Thomas Carlyle writes :

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite. We look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. But, good heavens! from a psalm of Asaph to a seat in the London opera, in Haymarket — what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, *divorced from sense and fact*, and associated with fiction and delirium only. To sing the praise of God was always, and will always be the business of the singer; he who forsakes that gift, and sings the praise of chaos, what shall we say of him?

"When I think that music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself on such a funeral pile, your celestial opera-house grows dark and infernal to me. Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of eternal death through it. I look not up to the Divine eye as Richter has it, but down into the bottomless eye-socket — not upward towards God, heaven and the throne of truth; but too truly, down toward *falseity, vanity* and the dwelling place of everlasting despair."

[C]

HANNAH MORE ON THE THEATRE.

"That exquisite sense of feeling which God implanted in the heart as a stimulus to quicken us in relieving the miseries of others is thus perverted, and learns to consider self as not the agent but the object of compassion. Tenderness is made an excuse for being hard-hearted, and instead of drying the weeping eyes of others, this false delicacy reserves its own selfish tears for the more elegant and less expensive sorrows of the melting novel and the pathetic tragedy."



THE SWAN ON LAKE LEMAN.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, *June 16, 1854.*

REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, *Chicago :*

MY DEAR SIR,—The following lines were written almost *impromptu*, improved a little, of course, by subsequent revision. Allow me to introduce them, by some references to the occurrences by which they were occasioned, and by some exposition of the allusions which they contain.

Well, then, after passing a week in Paris, a city without a Sabbath, and a people without principles—"I took the rail," as they say in England, for Geneva. I wished to spend some time in the midst of the mountain and lake scenery of this beautiful region—the birth-place of Continental Puritanism, and the life and death-place of John Calvin, the vigilant and discriminating reviver of Augustinian Theology.

At Chalons we took the diligence—and if I might burlesque a phrase of Virgil's—I would say, that a diligence is a "*movet et eternam movabit.*" We got nothing to eat from five o'clock P.M., at Dijon, until we crossed the Jura Mountains, at two P.M. the next day. This, with the talk of a voluble Swiss lady, who spoke about as miserable English as I did wretched French, and the unmitigated trundling of the heavy and awkward conveyance, disturbed

the balance of health, so that I got to my hotel in Geneva with a sick headache. I rose early the next morning, recovered but debilitated.

No one was moving upon Lake Lemman, when I left my hotel on the Grand Quay. I hired a shallop for two and a half francs, and rowed away out on the quiet bosom of this most lovely lake of Geneva. The pure morning air refreshed and strengthened me. Numerous swans live upon the lake. The inhabitants care for them, and fix floating baskets in the water where they may feed. It seems, of all waters in the world, the most appropriate place for them. The blessed Creator doeth all things well. He arranges by harmonious adaptations the animated species with the physical conditions of nature.

One of these swans left a group which were floating near the shore, and followed my boat out upon the lake. The early morning; the mountain and lake scenery; the fact that some of the most eminent minds of the world, skeptical and believing, have come to reside on the borders of Lake Lemman, under the shadow of these lofty mountains; and the further fact that intellect rather than love is manifested even in the works of the old reformers, suggested the allusions which appear in the following—

LINES,

Suggested by the incident of a white swan following the shallop
in which I rowed out early one morning upon the
Lake of Geneva, in Switzerland.

I.

Gracefully, calmly, thou glidest on,
O'er the lake's blue bosom, thou lovely swan;
There is no one abroad but you and I,
On this deep blue lake, 'neath this bright blue sky.—

II.

Afar on the verge of the water I see
Thy companions are floating, but thou art with me;
With thine ermine breast, and thy calm, clear eye,
Thou dost follow my shallop noiselessly.

III.

'Tis fitting a bird so graceful should lave
Her snow-white plumes in this crystal wave: —
But why hast thou left thy companions to glide,
So early this morning, with me o'er the tide?

IV.

Perhaps, like me, thou hast come to dwell
On the grandeur and beauty of nature: —'tis well:
The sublime sits enthron'd on yon mountain's brow,
And the lofty in nature impresses me now.

V.

The gifted minds of the earth have sought
These scenes, and hung over them garlands of thought;
And the names of the mighty are here enshrined,
Who have reigned like kings o'er the realms of mind.

VI.

This grandeur of nature can lift the mind
'Till the soul flows out to the unconfin'd;
But emotions that melt into Mercy's tear
Are not impressed on the spirit here: —
For even Calvin forgot to prove
That error is conquered alone by love.

VII.

Here free and brilliant rang Byron's song,
But defiant and cold as the peaks of Blanc;
Here Gibbon could doubt — Voltaire could sneer,
Rousseau and DeStael were skeptics here.

VIII.

But still serenely thou glidest on
In the wake of my shallop, thou white-plumed swan;
Well, come, fair swimmer, my symbol be
Of life, and of death, and of destiny:—
May my bosom the tint of thy plumage take,
And my life be as bright as thy course o'er the lake;
And in death may my faith be subdued and free
As the notes of thy dying melody. * *

So end the verses. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to add that upon the shores of this lake, Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon*. The old castle by this name, where Bonnevard was confined, still stands in good repair. It is built upon a rock in the lake; the water on the lake side being, it is said, forty fathoms deep. It is separated from the mainland by a draw-bridge. The ring in the wall by which the prisoner was confined, still exists; and the impressions of his feet on the stone floor, in the little circle which he trod for weary years, are still visible. The library which Calvin founded is still in Geneva; the house where he died is still standing; and the place of his grave is pointed out, although he forbade the Genevans to mark the spot where he was buried.

In the beautiful chateau and villages around the lake, are the residences where lived and wrote many eminent men—theologians, poets, historians, and naturalists. Among

these may be named Calvin, Feral, Cassabon, Rousseau, Necker, DeStael, Byron, Gibbon, Beranger, and last, though not least, Agassiz, now a citizen of our own country.

I have spent a quiet Sabbath in Geneva, and worshiped in the chapel of Dr. Mearle. The service was exceedingly simple—the people evidently reverent and devout;—and although I could understand but little of what the preacher said, yet there was unction in the manner of the service, especially in the united singing of the whole congregation, which was refreshing to one long separated from the simple service of the Protestant sanctuary.

To-morrow we start for the mountains, to look down upon the world from the snow-clad peaks of Mount Blanc. You know—

“Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains—

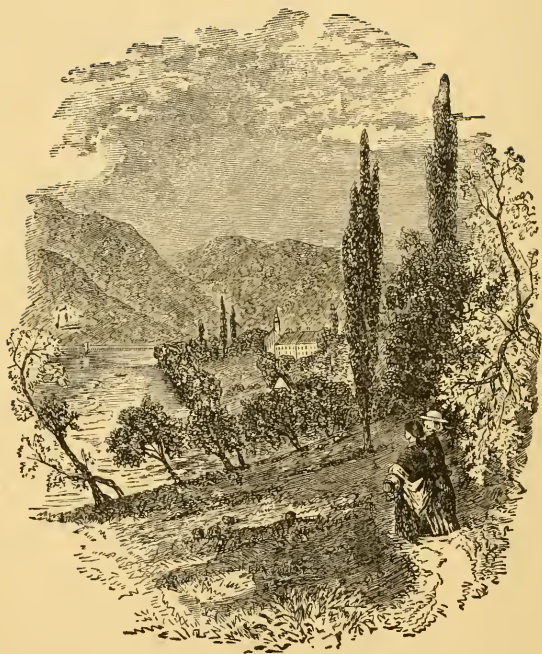
They crowned him long ago,

On a throne of rock—in a robe of cloud,

And a diadem of snow.”

Adieu! ———.







A PASTORAL:

THE HONEYMOON IN A WESTERN COTTAGE.

In early days, when life was in its spring,
And scarce twelve summer suns had roll'd away,
When Time delay'd, but Hope, with joyous wing,
Led on the sage, and chided his delay.

My home was in the bosom of a vale —
A peaceful valley far removed from strife ;
Where dwell'd the subjects of my humble tale —
A youthful farmer and his meek-eyed wife.

Their cottage stood upon a rise of ground
That gently sloped down to a bubbling spring,
Near which, on willow branches hanging round,
The whip-poor-will at eve was wont to sing.

At noon the sun a balmy fragrance drew
From many a shrub in which the mock-bird sung ;

And Morning-glories, bath'd in honey dew,
Their modest bells around their windows hung.

Across the field, behind the cottage, rose
A verdant hill, upon whose shady side
The wild grape cluster'd, and the flock would doze,—
Or browse upon the boughs, at eventide.

On quiet evenings, when the winds were still,
The spring brook wander'd with a murmuring sound,
And kiss'd the grass, and leap'd and dimpled till
It met the stream down in the meadow ground.

One afternoon, upon a Sabbath day
Of summer time, the cottagers array'd
In Sunday vestments, took the flow'ry way
Through garden walks, down to a cooling shade.

Kind conversation whil'd away the hours,
Till lengthen'd pauses bade the subject close;
The air redolent with the breath of flowers,
Beguiled sweet Mary into brief repose.

When Edward look'd to read in Mary's eyes
The meditations that absorb'd her mind—
No shade of thought upon her features lies—
Her eyes are veiled—her head in sleep reclin'd.

His thoughts went back to scenes of early youth,—
How oft her smile—his sorrows had beguil'd;

He felt a joy — to think that *of a truth*
Has Mary lov'd me, even from a child.

In retrospect his mental eye could see,
At noon of harvest time, the reapers meet,
Under the shadow of a spreading tree,
From the warm sun-rays a secure retreat.

Again his neighbors sat beneath the shade,
Round a white linen spread upon the ground;
Rude mirth was banish'd, for a modest maid
The harvest cake and coffee pass'd around.

He thought how oft would diffidence disclose
Emotions he to tenderness could trace;
And view'd his wife, to see if in repose
These sweet impressions linger'd in her face.

He thought of their young love, and all the wiles
Which first the tender passion had confess'd,
How oft he triumph'd in approving smiles,
How oft anxiety had fill'd his breast.

When first the anxious question, "Will you bless!—
Will you be mine?— O Mary! — dearest! — best!"—
The flurried answer, — "Oh! — why! — Edward! —
YES!"

Blushing and weeping on his happy breast.

He press'd his lips with fervor, ere he spoke,
Upon her brow of pure carnation white,
She look'd upon him kindly as she woke,
And felt her heart alive with love's delight.

The sun was setting o'er the western hill;
Nature the hush of Sabbath seem'd to keep;
The voice of ev'ry living thing was still,
Save those we love to wake us from a sleep.

Down in the distance of the verdant vale,
The coming bell betimes was heard to beat;
The robins warbled — the laconic quail
Was calling for his partner in the wheat.

The voice of doves — like the bewild'ring sighs
Of some lone heart, when others talk of bliss,
Was heard to fall — and Mary rais'd her eyes —
— “Oh what a blessed Sabbath eve is this!”

They rose and loiter'd in the garden ground,
A spot that had engag'd their mutual care;
Neat beds of vegetables fring'd around
By Violet and Marygold were there.

They reach'd the cottage as the colors grew
Bright and more lambent in the glowing west,
And Four-o'clocks their bosoms open'd to
Receive fresh dew drops in their downy breast.

An hour was pass'd in noticing the truth
Of many things their pastor had to say;
And, just *en passant*, of a stranger youth,
That sat in Capt. Ellsworth's pew that day.

They read a chapter in the holy book —
A prayer was said for guidance and for grace —
Asleep as pillow-mates — kind angels look
On their repose, *and smile when they embrace.*





APOSTROPHE TO THE DIVINE HEART.

Infinite Life — Divine, Essential Love!
Self-vital power of the All-soul above!
 With rev'rent heart, I would draw nigher,
 And seek subduing, purifying fire
From off the altar, where the Sacred Heart
Throbb'd with life-giving energy. Impart
Through thy self-sacrifice, love-life to my spirit, —
Life touch'd by Christ's humanity and merit;
That thus through soul and body, such as mine,
The Holy Ghost may breathe a life divine.

 Oh! thou crush'd victim! Reason fain would see
Something of that amazing mystery, —
The Love-Power struggling for humanity,
Life of my life springing from death of Thee:
 The cup that might not pass
 Till Innocence should bear
 The taunt! — the thorn! — the cross! —

The piercing nails! — the spear! —
Forth from that agony — deep as eternity
Outflows the blood-chrism of power and purity!

Oh, Thou, All-Merciful! — too deep for me,
That rent heart's wailing cry “lama sabacthani!”
The cup of suffering drank at Calvary. —

With filial spirit and with rev'rent mind,
Father, I would look up
And ask with meekness and with soul resigned,
WHAT WAS THAT CUP?

Faith kneels with reason, — all I can not see;
But I believe Christ tasted death for me.
This *faith* through all the heart sheds love abroad,
And surely one that loveth knoweth God!





OUR CHILDREN.

MRS. DR. R—:

Dear Madam.—Although we have no offspring, as you know, yet we have furnished a home for many children and youth; and have endeavored to rear our part of the great human family. We had a company of printer boys with us at Hudson, and again another company at Chicago. These, with two young women, who grew from girlhood to womanhood with us—making twelve in all—we endeavored to care for, as guardians should care for orphan children. Wife and I were orphans ourselves; and in addition to these twelve, we adopted and gave our own name to seven other orphan children. Of the twelve first named all but one professed to be disciples of Christ, while they were with us. One is now a minister of the Gospel. Two are lawyers. One is a physician. One has been a merchant, but has failed. One is an editor. Of the others we have lost the track of their history. Of the young women—both married in our home. One with her husband is now in heaven—the other was married to the editor of a Republican newspaper. He subsequently entered the Union army in the war against slavery, and fell as captain at the head of his company. His widow we have endeavored to care for, and she still resides near us. We aimed

to fit them all for usefulness in life, and in a good measure our efforts have not been in vain.

Of our seven adopted children, two died in infancy. One, after being reared from infancy to eleven years of age, was returned, by request of a relative, to friends and fortune, as we supposed. Of two others, the grandchildren of one of the oldest Methodist ministers in the West — one of these, dear little Rhoda, has gone to heaven; the other lives near us, and is an officer of the new County of Benzie, in the State of Michigan. Two are still with us — a young woman of eighteen, and a little boy of eight years. The following memorials of some of these children, with the annexed little poems, were occasioned by incidents in their life or death. They are family memorials; but there is nothing in them which a friendly eye, as we know yours is, may not see.

We are old now, and our endeavors to rear and educate orphan children must close. May the Divine Father of orphans bless our imperfect efforts. We feel deeply the imperfections which have marked our efforts in this respect; and we do not desire you, or any one, to suppose that it was pure Gospel benevolence that produced the endeavors we have made. Our object in retaining these brief family memorials in a published volume is to invite others to labors of love, when we can labor no longer.

LITTLE JAMES AND NEW RICHMOND.

IN the church where my ministry began, one of the deacons was a pious and sensitive young man, whose wife was pious, affectionate and diffident as himself. He had expended his little means in the purchase of a business house and lot in the new village of Akron, Ohio, which he

and others hoped would some day become a city of considerable importance. Their hopes, like thousands of others' in 1836-38, were, for the time, disappointed, and consequently a measure of pecuniary embarrassment ensued which was a great trial to the family.

When I left the village to remove to Cincinnati, they had one child, some two or three years old. Subsequently an infant was born to them. The mother lingered a few weeks and died. Soon after, their eldest child was laid beside its mother in the "noiseless neighborhood." The father, ill in body and mind, was left alone with his feeble babe. About this time we made a visit to some of our old friends in Akron, and at the earnest solicitation of our bereaved friend, my wife took the infant to rear and care for as our own. We gave our little adopted charge the new name of James Hickman Walker.

Our poor friend remained alone in his desolate house, unwell in body and sad of heart. After a time he grew more faint and ill, and was seldom seen out of his dwelling. One day he had not been noticed by any one; and the next morning, when friends knocked and received no answer, they entered his room; and he was dead. He had, probably, after a day of illness, died alone. His head reclined over the side of his bed, and he seemed to have fallen, without much struggle, into that sleep that knows no waking.

Poor brother Hickman! I rejoice to think that in those lonely days, and on that dying night, one ray of comfort from earth, besides what descended from heaven, may have mingled with thy gloom. I know that you had confidence that your little boy would be cared for with parental affection.

We were then living in the retired village of New Richmond. The village was on the Ohio river, near Cincinnati. Many years before prosperous churches had existed in the place; but they had for some time been afflicted, in all their denominations, with a profitless ministry. Some of them had been good preaching machines, educated in

theological seminaries until they had grown out of all sympathy with the masses of the people. Others were sectarians, or selfish eccentrics, who sought to attract personal notice and laudation. So the influence of the churches was lost; but faith still lived in the hearts of a few faithful ones, who prayed over the desolation of Zion. Here, during our residence, regenerating power was given to the truth, which changed the whole aspect of society in the place.

To this place we had retired in order to re-write the MSS. of my first book, "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." Here we brought our adopted infant. He lived with us about six months, — seemed to become a healthy and a happy child, and then died. His disease was induced by the poison of soothing syrups and other opiates, those destructive poisons that had been given to him before we accepted him as our charge.* I held him in my arms when he fell into his long sleep. I did not know he was dying. He seemed to sleep too profoundly, and I tried to arouse him; but he never waked again.

Our home was upon the banks of the Ohio. Two friends came with a skiff. My wife and I took the little coffin between us, and were rowed up the river to the village cemetery. Beneath a tree, by the river-side, repose the remains of our first adopted. We set a little marble stone at the head of his grave, and left him sleeping where the departed of the village lie.

In subsequent years, incidents suggested the following lines :

*There are no soothing syrups that do not poison children. Physicians may, perhaps, give them in single prescriptions in certain cases of acute disease; but no child can take bottles of these deleterious compounds (got-ten up usually by unprincipled druggists in the name of some woman) without injury to some of the vital functions of the child. Much of the debility and nervousness of the adults of our time, especially in the cities, is produced by the narcotic poisons fed to them when they were babes. Physicians are aware of these facts, and should forbid the use of narcotic medicines in families where they practice.

FUNERAL OF LITTLE JAMES.

In our little boat there were but few —
Two friends, my wife and I.
The stream was calm and the sky was blue,
And the oars dipp'd silently;
So mournfully, and quietly
We glided o'er the stream:
'Twas long ago, and it seemeth now,
Like a remember'd dream.

A little coffin near us lay,
Between my wife and me, —
Her mournful eyes were resting there,
But dimly she could see;
For the dew of tears suffused her eyes,
And that affected me:—
The oars-men looked away from us
And rowed more silently. * *

But steadily our boat moved on
To the home of the village dead:
('Tis a sylvan spot on the river brink
Where the villagers are laid,)
In a shady nook, by a locust tree,
Where Ohio's waters lave,
Our orphan sleeps his dreamless sleep —
The people know his grave.

And we hear, they say, when they bear away
Some one to their silent bed —
“Let us go and see, by the locust tree,
Where the orphan child was laid, —
'Twas the foster child of a minister,
Cherish'd and lov'd full well; —
They set that stone by his little grave,
And went far hence to dwell.

“Old people often speak of them,
My father often prays
To see again the Spirit's power
Experienced in those days.
He often wonders where they dwell,
And wishes he could know;
I, too, remember much they said —
But it seems so long ago.”

LINES BY MY WIFE,

ON THE DEATH OF A FOSTER-CHILD IN CHICAGO.

WE dwelled in Chicago, where I bought a lot and house near the present center of the city, for eight hundred dollars. At that early day (1847) empty wagons sometimes sunk in the street before my office, and could not be extri-

cated without assistance. There were no orphan asylums in the city in those days.

My wife was one of a society of ladies, of which the late Mrs. Wright was president, who looked after and *personally* cared for the poor in the winter. She was directed to a Protestant German family where the inmates were poor and sick. The mother in the family had become insane. There was an infant in the family that was so ill that it was not expected to live. We brought home the suffering child, in order that we might care for it until its sufferings should be over. My wife watched it with a mother's care and affection, and after many weeks of watching by day and night, it grew better, and survived until about a year old, when it died.

Its last illness was painful. It died in the arms of its adopted mother. Just preceding its death, before the last agony came on, I was called to look at the child. A peculiar change was noticed in its features. Its face seemed to glow with an expression of peace and sweetness which were strange and affecting. It was a hallowed aspect, that can not be described, unlike anything we had before noticed. To this my wife alludes in her verses. But the hallowed aspect subsided, and the death agony came on. The struggle was severe, but probably more consciously painful to the living than the dying. Its little teeth lacerated its tongue. It clasped convulsively the hand of its foster-mother, and the blood stained its white lips. It was a great relief to see the agonized little one still in death. Who will resolve the mysteries of such a death!

A few friends came in the next day. The babe lay in its coffin, and a few delicate flowers were in its tiny hands. Prayer was said. A closed carriage drove to our door. We took with us the little coffin, and accompanied by the father and sister of the child, we laid its remains in the Chicago cemetery.

Shall not my wife see again that spirit which looked out on her with angelic expression before the death struggle? I believe she will.



The following lines were written by her in memory of the death scene :

LINES.

Sweet babe, thy lips are rosy yet,
And they are warm when press'd to mine,
Could death his seal of silence set,
And yet the soul beam forth like thine?

The dewy softness of thy cheek
Is so unlike death's chilly damp,
The Parian brow and look so meek,
So pure and calm,— 'tis heaven's own stamp.

Such mystic sweetness of thy brow,
As if a seraph's beaming eye
Had caught thine own, and ling'ring now,
Were beck'ning thee toward the sky.

Death's icy touch is stealing on,
His cold, unyielding grasp I know;
Thy tiny hand still clasps my own,
'Twould seem thou 'rt not in haste to go.

Fair one, they've rob'd thee for the grave,
In thy small hands the pale flowers bloom,
One silken lock is all we crave,
Ere thou art coffin'd for the tomb.

We press our lips once more to thine,
And now one last, fond look is given,
Thy coffin to the tomb consign'd,
And thy pure spirit dwells in heaven.

MAGGIE.

IN the early days of my residence in Chicago, a gentleman sang in the choir of a church where I often preached the gospel. He was a clerk in a government office, and known to me as an active promoter of the temperance reform. He was descended from an old and respectable family in Pennsylvania, my native State. His ancestors had been distinguished in the Revolutionary struggle; he had himself been educated at the West Point Military Academy, and his family name is associated with piety and science in the West and Southwest.

He married a young woman of unusual personal attractions, but destitute both of intellectual and moral culture. She did not suit his friends, hence he and his wife separated themselves from old associations, and came, at an early time, to seek their fortune in the new City of Chicago. Here he died, leaving his wife with three children and little or no pecuniary resources. The two eldest boys were taken by relatives, the babe, a little girl, was left with its mother, a woman without resources, who managed as one without moral conviction, and without counsel, might be supposed to do. The child, of about a year old, was often left in a room, locked close, for a whole day, suffering by neglect and hunger. Some who knew the father interposed, and we pitied and adopted the child.

We knew our little charge had respectable friends, but we knew not where they lived, and heard nothing from them for nine years. During this time the little girl was cared for as a daughter, and educated in literature, music, and useful labor suitable to her age; and she grew with us to be a graceful and comely child, of about eleven years of age.

About a year before we parted with her, we heard from her friends. One of them now desired to adopt the child as her charge. Meanwhile she had, by the decease of her

grandfather, inherited, as we were informed, some property, and there were expectations of a large fortune by the favorable termination of a law suit then pending in the State of Virginia. Under all the circumstances, trusting to the known moral worth of her relatives, we concluded that it might be best for her that we should take her to her newly-found friends and fortune.

She bade farewell to her adopted mother, and an affecting adieu to Rhoda, her little foster-sister, and I took her to her adopted friends in another State, with the understanding that she was frequently to visit us and perpetuate the ties of affection that bound to us, and to each other, the two sisters, Maggie and Rhoda. The promised visits were not permitted. The two were beautiful in their childhood. They resembled each other, and loved more than sisters usually do. During the absence of my wife I had watched Maggie in a long and severe illness, and had come to regard her with more affection than any child we had adopted, except Rhoda. We took her a suffering and friendless child; we parted with her an heiress of some expectation and many friends. We gave her in infancy the name of my mother. I have visited her twice since she left us. The aunt who adopted her is dead. She is now married to a gentleman of character. We have often remembered and prayed for Maggie, the orphaned and injured babe, who found friends and fortune just when the days of her childhood were over.

On the day before she left our home, among other gifts, we gave her a new album, in which were memorials from the family, and the following

LINES.

Maggie, adopted daughter,—fare thee well,
Fair foster-child,—may God be with thee now —
How long and earnestly we've cared for thee —

How we have watch'd thy bed in anxious hours,
When fever flush'd thy brow — how we have pray'd
And labor'd to induce in thee a love
Of right and truth, and every winning grace,
No mortal knows. From infancy till now
Thou hast been daughter in our hearts and home.

We baptized thee into the blessed name
Of the Most High — The triune Deity —
We gave to thee in the baptismal rite
The name of one in heaven — One who watch'd
Over our infancy with tend'rer care
Than we could watch o'er thine —
Oh Margaret — may thy life be true as hers
To truth — to friends — to virtue, and to God.

But fare thee well — thou goest forth from us
To a new home. — New int'rests and new hopes
Will soon possess thee; and early maidenhood,
With its fresh life — its impulse, and its meed
Of triumph and temptation, are at hand —
God save thee in that hour! — If it bring
Peril to tempt thy virtue or thy faith,
Think then of Christ, of duty, and of prayer;
Think of the lessons we have taught to thee,
And thou shalt conquer by the grace of Him
Who loves the orphan.

Farewell, Maggie dear:—

The race of life's before thee — other friends
Will aid thee by the way, and seek thy good;
And oft in hours of silence God will hear
Our prayer at Mercy's altar, that thy life
May be a life of duty, which shall fit
Thee for a home in heaven.— Fare thee well.

RHODA.

THIS name recalls the memory of two of the sweetest girls that we ever sheltered in our home. The first a sister of my wife, who was with us from girlhood until she was married. The other was the child of an intelligent man, the son of a pioneer Methodist minister. He had removed, as many others did, to Chicago, to improve his circumstances, but instead of prosperity, there came death and adverse fortune. The mother having died, and the other members of the family being sick and destitute, we found the infant in the care of a family with whom the parents had resided as boarders. There was no one to take charge of the child. She had been tied in a little chair, which, by some mishap, had been overturned against a hot stove, and her face was severely burned. My wife was informed of the circumstances, and went to see the suffering child. She felt that she ought not to leave her where she could have little care, and had her brought to our house, with the intention of caring for her until her wounds were healed, and then returning her to the care of her father, who was still sick, and unable to care for her.

After she was restored, we returned her to her natural guardian, and sent her daily a supply of good milk.

Through a kind-hearted girl in the family, my wife learned that the milk was not given, as we desired, but instead, a bit of fat pork was placed in the infant's mouth, and from this she drew about all the nourishment she received. We had become attached to our little charge while her wound was healing; and, although we had adopted another infant nearly her own age, we concluded, with her father's permission and relinquishment, to bring her back and adopt her likewise as a member of our family. She was carried to her new home in a blanket, and was fostered and cared for during the whole of her brief but happy life. She grew in our family to be a sweet, affectionate, and interesting child of seventeen years. She sang very sweetly, accompanying her voice on the instrument, and had knowledge of useful branches of labor and study. But the angel of death came to our dwelling without any indication of his approach. She had seemed unwell for a day or two; and her thought seemed like one preparing to die, although she certainly had no impression that the time of her departure was at hand. She seemed more thoughtful than usual. She read in her Testament, and turned down a leaf with a mark at the first verses of the fifth chapter of 2nd Corinthians. She likewise read the biography of Müller in the *Life of Trust*. Her heart seemed to sympathize with the most spiritual thought, and with thought of the life to come. She had a stanza or two of verses which spoke of the meeting of friends in a future life. These she copied and put them into a book belonging to her brother, which he would see when he returned from the war. She likewise placed a black ribbon where a friend would see it. She retired to her room ill but hoping soon to be in her usual health. That night she slept with her mother, who dreamed, or rather as she thought, while waking, she saw a red flag held out over Rhoda, where she was sleeping. My wife was startled; but feared danger to myself, never thinking of Rhoda. Next morning she was quite ill, and left her room no more until she was moved to be habited for the grave.

She was ill but three days. I was absent in the city of Sandusky, where we aided others in labor till we freed from pecuniary embarrassment, and established in spiritual prosperity an evangelical church of Christ. The telegraph called me home; but I had to tarry for the cars one weary night, during which I dreamed that I attended a wedding in a neighboring family, where there was an adopted daughter about Rhoda's one, and age, who had been her companion. Before we bore her away from her adopted home, her school companions formed a circle around her coffin, and sang the sweet hymn, the cadences of which were broken by constant sobbing:

1. "Sister, thou wert mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.
2. "Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more will join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know."

We raised a little marble obelisk over her grave, on one side of which we inscribed some memorial lines; on the other, on a raised oval were inscribed the words,

THE GRAVE OF RHODA WALKER.

Thiere sleeps, in her white robes, our best beloved child. After her departure—in the twilight one evening—sitting on the portico of our dwelling—the pleasantest in its site and surroundings in the city where we lived—the following verses took form in my mind, suggested by surrounding objects and incidents:

EVENING MUSING OF A MOURNER.

The stars to-night are burning bright

In deep immensity;

Creation's psalm to the great I AM

Rolls over earth and sea —

Do spirits hear, in the angel sphere,

That wond'rous minstrelsy?

The flowers she loved by the breeze are mov'd,

And familiar birds have come

To rest at ease on the shrubs and trees,

Around our pleasant home;

But the fair child that on them smiled,

Heeds not their song nor bloom.

It is not late, and before our gate

Parent and child pass by,

And some look in, through the gloaming dim,

But no gentle face is nigh: —

Ah! children dear,— she is not here,

My heart says, with a sigh.

From a parlor near, sweet strains I hear —

The voice of girls is there;

And the tender lay of Nellie Gray

Floats out upon the air;

But alas for me! — that melody

Is one I lov'd to hear.



MAINE CHICAGO.

GLEN RHODA.

And yet there seems, like a voice in dreams,

A whisper in my mind —

It says — *I'm near — your thoughts I hear —*

Dear mourners, be resign'd ;

In the spirit land, with the angel band,

Your lost one you shall find.

'Tis years ago since Rhoda fell asleep. We desired some memorial of her in our new home, and when we removed to our place of retirement in the woods, a company of us sailed across a beautiful sheet of water, to which we had given the name of Crystal Lake. It lay adjacent to the lands upon which we had located the site for our Christian schools. On the opposite side, about three miles away, there was a romantic glen, down which fell in cascades, for one hundred feet, a beautiful stream of cool, clear water. The company desired that I should give a name to the place. I called it GLEN RHODA, and on an adjacent tree, at the foot of the cascade, I had a label painted — GLEN RHODA ; so that the passer-by might learn the name of the glen. Evil-disposed persons took down the label ; but still it retains its name, and in the future, when the well-disposed and the evil-disposed of this generation are no more, I hope the beautiful crystal stream may still be called "Glen Rhoda."

Yesterday, a few friends took a boat and sailed over the lake, in company with Miss Weltha Post, a friend from our old home in Ohio, who loved Rhoda in her life, and who still cherishes her memory. We climbed the hill side, and brought away a rose bush and some *forget-me-not* growing in the glen. We all felt that the pure, retired stream was a fitting memorial forever of our gentle and pure-hearted child, now in heaven.

LINES,

IN MEMORY OF MRS. RHODA HOWARD FENN, BY MRS. LEILA TRASK.

How strange sometimes is the life-history of the good and the gifted. I have scarcely known a heart so pure as that of my sister-in-law, who was in her youth a member of our family. She was a sufferer for long years; and her young friend who wrote the following verses was singularly gifted, yet her life was likewise a life of suffering, and both died young,—and died soon after being married. So it often is in this world. It is not only true that many whom the Lord loves die young, but it is likewise true that many such ones suffer long before they leave us. There is mystery in the mercy of suffering. Christ, the purest human being, was the greatest sufferer.

Of these young women no memorial remains, except what is here written. The gifted and pure-hearted have gone, and left no record in time. To the human family, except the few who knew and loved them, and who will soon sleep with them, they are as though they had never been. But "the pure in heart shall see God." Their record is on high; and when those who have prostituted their gifts for the attainment of a mere earthly record, shall go to their own place, these "shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

In a letter detailing the incidents of the last illness and death of Mrs. Fenn, the following passage occurs, the imagery of which is in Mrs. Trask's verses. Her husband, in speaking of her decease, wrote:—

"Just before her death she dreamed that there was a snow-storm which drifted and lay in heaps about her, although she did not seem to be much in it. She thought that the sun was near setting in the west, veiled by a light cloud, through which it could be seen; the edges of the cloud were tinged by the golden rays of the light." * * The scene then suddenly changed, and the earth was clad

in green ; and she beheld the most lovely and odoriferous flowers of every shade and hue which it is possible to conceive, and fruits that were more delicious and luxurious than she had ever seen. She said she had no language to describe its loveliness. When she awoke she related her dream, and thought that it meant she should be restored to health and happiness on earth : but was it not an intimation from the spirit land that she was soon to depart to that region where —

“ Everlasting spring abides and ever-blooming flowers.”

LINES.

Visions of the spirit land
Steal o'er me now ; —
Tones from a music band,
Gentle and low —
Forms of the beautiful
Come to my sight,
Robed in pure vestments,—
Golden and white.

Bright visions are thronging
My spirit around ;
Gleanings of beauty
My last sleep surround ;
Strange flowers are blooming,
Wond'rously bright,
Unfolding their blossoms
In prismatic light.

Life's fetters are breaking —
 My soul is away: —
 My sleep is but waking
 To glorious day;
 My life's sun is setting,
 To rise on that shore
 Whose ecstatic visions
 Are mine ever more.

* * * * *

And so she passed away, with that bright dream
 Of heaven upon her soul — heaven was revealed
 To her, and the immortal fruits and flowers
 That grow in that bright clime.— And it is well
 The spirit may outsoar even in chains
 Its dwelling-place on earth, and mate with those
 Who, in the unseen world, wing from their home to this.

— I can not say farewell: — Thou didst but sleep
 To wake in heaven.— And yet thy form —
 Thy spirit's form — is with us now; and thoughts
 Of heaven that in our souls are waked
 Are but thy spirit's sweet commune with ours.
 Thou art the same to us, only the light
 Of thy new glory veils thee from our eyes,
 As stellar rays are hid by noon-day sun.

And can we weep who loved her well on earth?
 No link is broken by her journey hence,

But one is added to the chain that links
Our souls to hers.— And ye are nearer now
Than when she put her hand in thine on earth —
— Look up, and ye by faith shall see that sphere
Where white-winged spirits from the tree of life
Pluck its fair fruits, and live forever more.

LEILA TRASK.

BLIND PHŒBE.

THERE came to our door one day a poor blind girl, led by a younger sister. Blind Phœbe—for such was her name—had been educated in the asylum of a neighboring State. She had a good voice, and accompanied her songs with tolerable skill on the piano or the melodeon. She wished to give a concert, or obtain aid in some other way, for her parents, whom she represented as being in need of assistance, on account of ill health and an invalid family. We inquired and learned the truth of Phœbe's story. We found likewise an illustration of the kindly disposition which the poor often manifest among themselves.

The parents of Phœbe were cousins. They had removed from a slave state and were living on a piece of land rented from a wealthy relative in Ohio. As often occurs when cousins marry, or when those marry who are alike in their physical and moral qualities and characteristics, most of the children were defective either in body or mind. One other sister of Phœbe was totally blind; and two others of the family were marked by some physical or mental deterioration. They were so poor when we first became acquainted with their circumstances, that they had no cow; and often

they sat down to very scanty meals. Yet living with this poor family were two aged grandparents and an aunt, with whom they shared whatever they procured of food or raiment. The rich uncle had many broad acres, but yet he did little for his destitute relatives. The poor did what they could, and continued to do so till the grandparents died. When their aged friends were removed from them by death, the poor family exerted themselves to procure a decent coffin and grave clothes for the departed, and followed them to the grave with sincere sorrow. Perhaps when the rich relative dies he will be mourned for, as other rich men often are:—the sorrow of the living will be mitigated by the event, long looked forward to, that his money is to be distributed.

Having learned the facts in relation to Phœbe's family, we interested ourselves to advise and aid her. Hitherto her efforts had gained no permanent relief. My wife advised her in regard to personal habits, and aided her by furnishing apparel and other little things, by which she could make herself more *presentable* than before. I wrote letters to friends stating her case, and used means to interest amateur singers to aid her in her little village concerts. She was advised to save whatever money she could obtain beyond what was necessary for present wants, and to deposit her little sums with me, upon interest, until she had procured enough to buy herself and parents a humble home in some new county at the West. During her efforts we promised her and her sister a home for rest and refreshment.

With this object in view, Phœbe began the effort, and in less than three years she had money enough to secure forty acres of land in the State of Indiana, upon which is a comfortable log cabin and about thirty acres of clearing. A young orchard is growing; and there are cows, pigs, chickens, and all the surroundings of a home in a new country. Her father and brother were improving the little plantation when I last heard from them. The other blind sister was getting an education. The grandparents and aunt are in

heaven. The family are respected by their neighbors. The rich uncle and his family still live ; but I have not succeeded in leading Phœbe to love them as she should.

When blind Phœbe began her effort for a farm, I wrote, and we taught her the following song, which she usually sang at all her humble village concerts :

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG.

TUNE — “ *What Fairy-like Music.* ”

I.

They tell me the sky is a deep azure blue,
All jewel'd with stars that are nightly in view ;
That the sun shines in glory, with life in his light,
And the moon walks in beauty — the queen of the
night : —

Refrain. But ah me ! — the blind girl can not see !

II.

They tell me the flowers are varied in hue ;
That the mother looks fondly — the lover looks true ;
That in spring-time the landscape is blithesome and gay
With the plumage of birds, and the blossoms of May : —
But ah me ! — the blind girl can not see !

III.

They tell me that storm-clouds oft cover the sky ;
That the lightning leaps out from its covert on high ;
But when storms are departing, and soft breezes blow,
The heaven is spann'd with a beautiful bow : —
But ah me ! — the blind girl can not see !

IV.

And they tell me of regions still brighter above,
Where beings of beauty are living in love;
Where flowers more fragrant, and landscapes more fair
Are springing and blooming eternally there: —
And ah me! — the blind girl there shall see!

TO MY WIFE.

ATLANTIC OCEAN, *May*, 1854.

At night, on the wide, wide sea,
When the winds and the waves are high,
My memory turns to thee,
With the tribute of a sigh.
Through many a chequer'd scene,
We've travel'd side by side;
Eventful and busy our lives have been
Since you were first my bride.
In the weal and woe of life
More sorely you've been tried;
But I have stood by your side, my wife,
When our poor orphans died.
Our Father above is kind;
The angels have guided our way;

With a trusting heart, and a hopeful mind
We'll walk till the close of day.

In the battle with sin and wrong
We have acted well our part:—
By a thoughtless word we may have err'd,
But never have erred in heart.





MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

MOTHER.

I DARE not write a eulogy of my mother. She had a peculiarly meek and quiet spirit; so much so that she would not be pleased with words that published her virtues. She was twice married, and reared three families of children, one of which were children of her second husband by a former wife. I never knew a shade of difference in her treatment of these children.

Like some others of whom I have read, she seemed to have a premonition of her death. She visited all her friends who were near and told them it was her last visit. Near the time of her death she slept at the dwelling of a sister. In the morning her sister approached her bed to invite her to breakfast. She was awake and cheerful, and uttered the following words, which undoubtedly had just taken form in her mind:

"The time is approaching, and soon it will be,
When the door will fly open and the prisoner go free."

Soon after she was taken ill, and died as she had lived, in peace. Her pastor, who stood by her bed-side, told her she was about to die. She replied: "THE HOLY AND BLESSED WILL OF GOD BE DONE." Soon after, she spoke the name of her daughter and fell asleep. Her daughter was then unmarried, and for many months afterwards a

feeling of sadness, approaching melancholy, weighed upon her mind. The God to whom our mother each day committed her children has, by a kind and guiding Providence, wonderfully provided for them all. We attribute much of the good we have received to our mother's prayers. Would it be wrong to say—to ministration and guidance she was permitted to give?

TRIBUTE TO A DEPARTED MOTHER.

Thou wert mild, dearest mother — the world could not
know

A spirit so pure and so meek,
But the children who sat by thy heart's fountain flow
Of thy love and thy virtue may speak.

We'll remember thee — mother — thy language so kind,
Thy voice and thy love-speaking eye,
When our thoughts are at rest thou wilt speak to our
mind,
And our hearts will respond with a sigh.

If the souls of the saints from their home in the sky
Any guidance on mortals bestow,
We are sure that our mother will often be nigh
To the lov'd ones who linger below.

Farewell, dearest mother — we *feel* thou art gone,
The cold earth on thy coffin is press'd,
“God's holy and righteous will has been done” —
We shall meet in the home of the blest.



MANIZ CHICAGO

THE TRAVELER ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A YOUTH left the city of Pittsburg when twenty years of age to walk three hundred miles a-foot, over the Allegheny Mountains, to Philadelphia.

In the early days of the West, before there were railroads or canals, Philadelphia was considered a long distance from the Ohio River. I was to have a companion in my journey, but he was a stout young man, and it did not seem fitting that a youth of pale features and slender form should endure the fatigue of travel with so sturdy a companion.

The morning that I was to leave home, when I awoke, my mother was praying near my bed. A little cortege of friends accompanied us with a conveyance the first day's journey. Then with a little bundle in my hand, I began my journey a-foot from what was then called the West to the East. We achieved the three hundred and twenty miles in about ten days in the month of August. Every day I was wearied with the heat and travel; and when I could persuade my companion to tarry a few moments and sit down under the blessed shade of some green tree by the wayside, the rest was to me an Eden, and I almost invariably sank into a sleep, until aroused to set out again on my journey.

On one of the upper ranges of the Alleghenies, a little path led down a few yards to a spring which gushed from the rocks and ran in a sweet, fresh rivulet under the trees and down the mountain side with a murmur which was soothing to my soul as music over the sea. We turned aside, as all way-worn travelers did in those days, to drink of the pure water, and sit down to rest on the green sward on the margin of the stream. To me the cool shade, the brook, the green sward, the gentle breeze, were a refreshment to body and mind, the sweetness of which I can not describe.

When we arose and walked on in our journey, the following stanza took form in my mind—a daguerreotype of the actual impression received at the Mountain Spring:

Know ye delight when the soul is sad
With the sorrows fatigue can bring—
If ye do—ye have sat on the mountain brow,
And drank of the mountain spring.

And you've laid you down on the cool, green sward,
Where the brook ran murmuring by;
While the feather'd songsters overhead
Carol'd a lullaby.

And you thought the breeze that linger'd nigh,
And whisper'd among the boughs,
Was kind as the breath of a husband's sigh
On the cheek of his new-wed spouse.

Subsequently the preceding verses were sent to a friend with the following accompaniment. It was a friend who would pardon the egotism of a description which was graphic and truthful, of one scarcely past the period of boyhood.

A traveler on the mountain,
In a warm mid-summer day,
Sat down beside a fountain
That gush'd beside the way;
'Twas a cool, sequester'd fountain,
Where the birds and breezes play.

He was a youthful traveler,
And delicately fair,
With eye as bright as diamond light,
And richly curling hair —
His hat lay by him on the sward,
Bosom and brow were bare.

'Twas a pleasant spot, and a pleasant thought,
Which Memory treasures still,
Flow'd through his mind, as he lay reclin'd
By the flowing mountain rill —
The rest seem'd sweet, and nature kind,
And numbers flowed at will —

The numbers flow'd at will, dear friend,
And I write them here for you;
That spring refreshed my weary mind
As drops of honey-dew,
Or cooling balm, when angels seem
To anoint the lips in a fever'd dream.

LINES,

Written in 1830, in memory of a dumb girl, whom I saw when quite a
young man, at an exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb
Asylum in the City of Philadelphia.

She was a fair young girl, and all I've seen
Of woman has not left within my mind

So pure a picture. Her beauty was not such
As I have seen in portraits. It seem'd to live
Upon her face. And when her mind had caught
Her teacher's thought, her soul would seem to come
In beams of intellect to her dark eyes,
And light her pleasing features with a glow
Of meaning I could read. I felt my heart
Was sympathizing with that silent girl;
She felt so too. Her soft, deep eyes had caught
My earnest gaze. Her glance grew fix'd a moment,
Soft'ning down into a tender inquiry,
Which ask'd if I had lov'd or pitied her:—
And then—she turn'd her eyes away and blush'd.—
Oh Nature, it was lovely thus to place
A sacred spring within the virgin breast,
Which in the bosom of this voiceless girl,
Who knew no reason why her cheek grew warm,
Would thus vibrate and tremble to be touch'd
By the slight impulse of an ardent look.

Unknown to that fair girl was art's device
And the dissimulation of the world.
Her heart was a hid fountain, and its springs
Of pure and fresh affection lay conceal'd
From the intrusion of the common herd:—
The flatt'rer's breath—the impiety of men;
The words of malice, pride, and guilt, which soil
And harden other hearts, came not to her.

I then was very young, and thoughts like these
Came to my mind: — that if I could unseal
That maiden's ear, and pour into her mind
A living language, soften'd by the deep
And touching pathos of a kind regard —
And thus awake her sympathies, until
The sweet affection of her virgin heart
Flow'd forth like rich refreshing upon mine —
I'd leave ambitious plans to selfish men
(Who toil and struggle anxiously to gain
An increase of anxiety) and live
In wedlock with that maiden. And I'd store
Her mind with a rich furniture, and by
The tenderest, loving kindnesses and care
Unite her heart-life with my own for aye.

— I'm older now, and Fancy more restrain'd,
Yet to my thought to-day, there came the form
Of that fair, voiceless girl; and I have pray'd
She may have happiness that angels know —
That in the silent dwelling of her soul
Sweet peace and joy may bide continually.

ANCIENT EGYPT.

Suggested by reading a treatise on the History and Antiquities of Egypt.

I.

Egypt, thou wonder of the primal age,
In the Nilotic Valley, long ago,
The priests of Amun, the Memphitic sage,
Inscribed the preface to what men may know
Upon thy granite obelisks — in tombs
Where mummied relics of thy great ones lie,
In the stupendous pyramids, whose rooms
Abysmal — cavernous — Time's power defy.

II.

Whence were thy people, Egypt?—whence the
might
And wealth of Menés,—the first Theban king?
Who taught thy sacerdotal class to write
In hieroglyphics? — Did their knowledge spring
From ancient Meroe? — Was the light that shone
Upon thine orient, in the morn of time
Kindled by Hermés, or a radiance thrown
Into thy valley from some western clime?

III.

Who shall resolve the riddle? — Who collate
Thy fables, and translate them into truth?
Who place thy un plac'd kings — or give the date
Of those who reigned when Saturn was a youth?

IV.

That thou in age wast hoary, the long range
Of temples, tombs, sarcophagi declare;
And thy vast superstitions, vile and strange,
Proclaim idolatry grown dotard there.

V.

Impressive lesson! — Time developes mind,
And nations by the lapse of years grow wise,
But God unknown,—the human mind is blind,
And reason sinks in her attempts to rise.

VI.

God is unknown to reason: ye might gaze
On *Phra*, thy sun-god, till the eye would be
Confused and cloudy; — but as thro' a haze,
Or darken'd glass, his texture we may see,
So, Lord of hosts, the soul may gaze on Thee:—
JESUS REVEALED, YET VEIL'D, THE DEITY.

THE SERENADE.

“THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds”;—but it is with sounds that have melody and sweet modulation in them. The fantasias of the fashionable *artistes* are to the lovers of melody like a substitute of painted sugar-plumbs for the refreshing flavor and richness of natural fruit. Carlyle's exclamation against the opera, in the *Dumphries Album*, is merely the outbreak of a heart true to nature,

against the desecration of chaste and beautiful music. "Oh heavens!" says he, "when I think that music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself on such a funeral pile, your celestial opera house grows dark and infernal to me." But when beautiful thought is connected with natural melody

"By many a winding 'bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

the mind is soothed or elated, and the heart vibrates to the sweet cadences of the singer —

"What sweet tears dim the eye unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When 'Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled,'
Or 'Auld Lang Syne,' is sung."

The night after my first return from Europe, in 1854, was beautiful with calm and moonlight. Just as I was dropping into the Dreamland, I was attracted and charmed by a sweet serenade under my window. The viol, flute, and guitar accompanied sweet and familiar voices singing a song of *welcome home!* To me the music was as Ossian's "Song of other days, sweet and pleasant to the soul." I endeavored to perpetuate my sense of the incident in the following verses:—

MY WELCOME HOME.

In realms remote, o'er land and main,
On Alpine heights — in cities old,
I've wander'd,—and now home again
Returns the shepherd to the fold.

'Tis the first rest for many days;
The quiet seems all sweet and deep;

And grateful thoughts, on wings of praise,
Are mingling with the sense of sleep.

Around my home, on shrub and tree,
The moonlight sheen sleeps on the bough;
And gentle breezes, soothingly,
Come through the lattice o'er my brow.

But hark! sweet strains of minstrelsy —
Half seeming from the land of dreams —
A "welcome home," in melody,
Floats gently in with the moonbeams.

I've heard sweet music in the halls
Where sat the proud — where pageantry,
And master-hands and voices — all
Joined to give soul to melody —

I've heard sweet music o'er the sea,
And music from the mountain height;
But music never spoke to me
In tones so heavenly as that night.

MUSICAL SURPRISE.

ANOTHER musical surprise occurred soon after my return, in 1854. During a literary lecture which I delivered to the people of our quiet little city of Mansfield, Ohio, recounting

incidents of travel, the sweet singers of the town had convened and unexpectedly they sang with accompaniments the following verses. I insert them because they are beautiful to me as a memorial of the friends of other days.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam ;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the joys of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here ?

Since last with footstep firm and free
I pressed my native strand,
I've wander'd many miles by sea
And many miles by land ;
I've seen the nations of the earth,
Of many a hue and tongue,
Which taught me more to prize the worth
Of that from which I sprung.

My native land, I turn to you
With blessing and with prayer,
Where men are brave, and women true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combin'd,
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

Beneath these lines, in 1861, an English lady wrote the words — *Alas for the flag!* — BESSIE ENGLIS.

Following which I wrote, in 1866 — Hallelujah for the flag! — J. B. W.

CONRAD AND ELLEN.

A LEGEND OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

In a valley of the mountainous district of Pennsylvania, about the year 1808, a young man, a descendant of the German Lutherans, and a young woman, daughter of a Scotch family, were schooled in the same village, and loved each other from childhood. A villain from another State, who taught a school in the settlement, contrived to have a crime, of which he was himself guilty, alleged and sworn against Conrad. The scheme succeeded. The villagers deemed the youth guilty. His penalty would have been shame and heavy expenditure, if he had remained in the State. The young maiden could not marry him for very shame, although she knew, or verily believed him to be faultless. Her parents would have spurned her from them, if she had done so. The young man fled from home and friends. He went away to the old country from which his parents came. The young woman remained to pine in secret and to die. The rest of the legend is in the ballad.

CONRAD AND ELLEN.

A wand'rer o'er the world's wide ranges,
Up and down,
Returned to witness rueful changes
In our town.

He loved, how well no tongue can tell; —
In early youth
A maiden fair, with auburn hair,
Pledg'd him her truth.

But ah! they parted, broken hearted,
 He went forth,
 A wand'rer weary, sad and dreary,
 O'er the earth.

But change came down on our town
When he was gone,
A wretch oppress'd with death, confess'd
What he had done.

The guilty man had form'd a plan,
By which his crimes
Were laid on one, now wand'ring lone,
In other climes.

The trusting maid had always said
 The day would come
 When time would prove her own true love
 No ill had done.

When death reveal'd the guilt conceal'd,
The maiden wept,—
Her face was pale, but a sweet smile
O'er her cheek crept.

— The wand'rer dream'd — to him it seem'd
That Ellen came
All pale and white, at noon of night,
And call'd his name.

The well-known tone, with power unknown,
 Thrill'd like a dart —
Some words she spoke — the wand'rer woke
 With throbbing heart.

O'er land and sea he seem'd to flee,
 To reach his home;
When years had sped, the people said
 Poor Conrad's come.

He sought the cot, and heard her lot
 With bated breath —
By parents old, the tale was told,
 Of love in death.

She kept the ring — a sacred thing,
 Which Conrad gave;
That it might rest upon her breast,
 When in the grave.

One pledge she took — Give him my book;
 And when I die,
Show him the mound in yonder ground
 Where I shall lie.

— Then Conrad bow'd, and sobb'd aloud,
 With bended head:
The angel's gone, and I'm alone,
 Was all he said.

A changed man he walked again
His native town :
His words were few with those he knew,
His eyes cast down.

On the same night her vision bright
Call'd him in love,
The heart that kept his troth and wept,
Had ceased to move.

Near to the mound which marks the ground
Where Ellen sleeps,
He built a cot, and on that spot
His dwelling keeps.

And people say, at close of day,
Pensive and slow,
Where Ellen lies with downcast eyes,
They see him go.

And some believe, on a quiet eve
Her spirit's seen
Softly to glide, near by his side,
In th' moonlight sheen.

THE ANGEL WHISPER.

Sometimes, in the pause of busy life,
When my mind is very still,
There looks on me in memory's glass,
Without the call of will,
A kind young face, from the Land of Youth,
And when she comes I sigh;
And my mind is held, as by the spell,
Of an unseen spirit nigh.

Long, long ago — in boyhood's time,
She was my earliest love;
But ere the flush of maiden prime,
She join'd the choir above —
Her presence gives a sign of peace;
All selfish thought is gone;
I hear her silent words awhile,
And then, I am alone!

In the Land of the Hereafter,
I shall meet an angel friend,
Whose presence I shall know by thoughts
That with my thinking blend;
She will tell me in life's pilgrimage
She oftentimes was nigh,
And look'd on me in Memory's glass
Till I answer'd with a sigh.

A TEAR FOR HUGH MILLER.

Impromptu, on hearing the character and labors of Hugh Miller delineated in a commencement exercise at Oberlin College.

Young man, I thank thee, I have shed a tear,
A treasured tear which I had felt was due
To him who had decipher'd the stone book,
And traced the fossil hieroglyphs which tell
Of paleozoic life, in ages old —
In the gray morning of Creation's day.

HUGH MILLER — man of Cromarty! — I shed
That tear for thee. It was not worship;
It was not regret. The wand that struck the rock,
And brought the tear-drop from its hidden fount,
Was a daguerreotype of thy true life,
Struck in the light of earnest, truthful thought.

I saw thy manly form — I saw the sign
Of high intent upon thine ample brow —
Mark'd thy fine eye dilate with gratitude,
When the faint trace of vertebrated life
In Old Red Sandstone first reveal'd itself: —
Then came a tear — a tribute to the worth
Of him who read the archtypal forms
Which God inscribed upon the pedestal
Of the great column of organic life.

Thank God! my mind is easier, better now —
For my emotion has an answer given
To my conviction, that I ought to shed
A tear for thee — HUGH MILLER!

ON RELINQUISHING LEGAL STUDIES.

Good-bye old books of legal lore,
I leave you with a sigh;
Reason and right I lov'd t' explore —
Their principles apply.

I turn to that supremest aim,
To live for others' good;
Reason and right are still the same —
Love is by faith in God.

IN MEMORIAM,

To the early members of the Western Reserve College, in memory of their friend, REV. CHARLES B. STORRS, first president of the Institution. The death of President Storrs was hastened by the hostility of a part of the Trustees of the College to his anti-slavery principles.

Honor the good! — bow down and bless
The pure in heart, whose holiness

Reached and enriched your mind;
The humbly wise are truly great —
Great in high thoughts which elevate
The aims of human kind.

Honor the great! — the great of soul,
Who live above the mean control
Of low and selfish minds:
Who see and dare maintain the right,
When cowards flee they stand and fight,
In presence of the flames.

Honor the hero, who will stand
For truth and judgment in the land,
Nor yield to selfish fears —
Who in the dark sows seeds of light —
Germ truths, which spring to moral might,
In minds of after years

Honor the dead, whose life was given
A sacrifice for truth — the heaven
Of martyr blood has power —
If falt'ring in the fight with sin —
Storrs falter'd not. — Remember him —
'Twill help us in that hour.

SONNET.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Heav'n bless you — Old man eloquent — Be firm
For God and truth, humanity and right:
Who speaks but for the present and for self
Denies Jehovah — Speak for man, and then
This mightiest nation of the future age
Will build for thee a lofty monument
And blazon under thy illustrious name
This tribute to thy memory: —

Friend of humanity and truth, we come
To rear this column to the great of soul;
That men may gather courage at the tomb
Of one who rose above the mean control
Of party trammels.— One who in the might
Of a great principle stood all alone —
Arm'd in th' impervious panoply of right
Met base and braggart minds and struck them down.

A SONNET.

Impromptu, to my friend, HON. J. BRINKERHOFF, on receiving intelligence that the Liberty or "*Wilmot Proviso*" was written by him, and passed to Hon. J. Wilmot, who offered it in Congress, 1846.

Stand, Brinkerhoff, for Truth and Liberty:
Stand on the great rock-principle, that right
Alone can give stability to States.
Be courteous to the South, she has a share
Of noble, patriot minds. Give such the mead
That honor pays to worth. But yet, be firm;
Firm for free land, free labor, and free men —
A better age will come: the Muse of History
Will crown with bays enduring as the soul,
Statesmen who dared do battle for the truth.
Fear not — As God lives, righteousness shall reign —
One with the Lord is a majority —
God's spirit is in providence — henceforth
No question's settled till 'tis settled right.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ON READING A NOTICE OF HIS DECEASE.

Irving, I long have lov'd thy classic thought —
Chaste, sprightly, spirited, and often quaint:

Sometimes pathetic — never low, nor aim'd
 To catch *eclat* from vain or vulgar minds.
 It was not labor but a sense of rest,
 Nay, of exhilaration, for my mind
 To travel on with thine. But yet my heart
 Had felt a yearning, that e'er death should come,
 Some mark of moral dignity might crown
 The labors of thy life. Alas, thy bust
 Wears but the chaplet of rare intellect —
 — The true regalia of the kingly soul: —
The sympathy of intellect with right —
The courage to exalt the true and good —
To damn the wrong — Alas! where find we these?
 'Tis pitiful — thy diadem will fade,
No mind is noble but the conscience-crown'd.

[The following letter was marked and prolonged by the interest felt at the time. But its principles are right, and as principles as well as poetry are the burden of the book, we will not omit it.]

GROVE LAWN VILLA, }
Benzonia, Mich., 1867. }

JABEZ BURNS, D.D., *Paddington, London :*

MY DEAR SIR — I can give you but a brief minute of educational matters in our State, and the passage of the constitutional amendment. I remember some friends at your house seemed almost incredulous when I told them that I knew well an ex-governor in the State of Ohio who sawed his own wood, while his wife did her own baking. I pre-

sume the facts that have fallen out since then,—Abraham Lincoln, our President, having spent his youth as a laborer on a farm, and Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, as a working tailor—have made your people somewhat less incredulous on the subject of the sovereignty of the people in America.

One mistake, however, all Europeans fall into when the rule of the common people in America is spoken of. Their minds revert immediately to the ignorant and incompetent working men that they see around them in their own country, and they conceive that such are the rulers of America. This is a mischievous mistake. Our institutions educate all the people, except the misguided Catholics, whom their priests prevent from the common privileges of American citizens; and hence, they and their children are the material which largely compose our mobs, our saloon population, and our criminal calendar. The working people who rise to places of influence and trust in America are those naturally select minds who have acquired for themselves a store of general knowledge, and have passed up from lower to higher levels of citizenship. Lincoln was not only a working farmer in his youth, but he became an eminent lawyer before he was President. Johnson was in the beginning a working tailor, but he raised himself through almost every grade of citizenship to the Vice-Presidency. A republic of the people can stand only on New Testament conscience and school culture.

An instance of the working of this principle on a large scale was our Senate of Michigan, which managed the affairs of the State during the most difficult period of the slave-holders' rebellion. They were generally select men of strong common sense, and mostly well educated, although few of them had ever been to a school above those of the common schools of our States. Their mental discipline had been acquired by plan, study, and practice, in devising ways and means to manage their own affairs, and public affairs, in the new counties of a new State. Such labors demand discriminating thought and energy, and

give better discipline of a practical kind than collegiate training can do without them. Indeed, your distinguished townsman, Mr. Lowe, M.P., is probably right when he doubts whether the study of the dead languages does not train the mind to a blind and verbose expression of ideas, rather than to logical and discriminative thinking.

I was chairman of the Committee on Public Instruction, and had opportunities to know the views of these gentlemen on educational subjects. They were all friends of education, but had not scholastic experience enough to know that studies advanced beyond the knowledge obtained by general reading and the high school branches of common school study, are of little value either to the individual or to the State, in the management of practical affairs.

Common schools are the highest and most fundamental interest of a free State. Colleges scattered over the State to prepare school teachers of the people and for the people are a secondary need. State universities with large endowments are generally corrupting powers to the morals of students, and not so valuable as educators as the normal schools and colleges of the State. There is a ring of regents and teachers in our State University, who go for that institution against the people—go for it because by aggrandizing it they make themselves more conspicuous. They are usually nominated because it is supposed they will have influence with the Legislature. Some of those, and usually the president of the University, make application each session for money from the general fund. They are already in possession of too large an endowment to be safe conservators of the morals of the pupils; yet they have generally succeeded in filching money from the State Treasury which should be devoted, if granted at all, to common schools, or to normal instruction in the several colleges, where the morals of the pupils would not be deteriorated by loose discipline and the bad example of reckless young men.

There is not one boy in one hundred thousand in our State that will ever be benefited by crudite and speculative

studies. Other States are wiser than we in this respect, and are not willing to tax the many for the benefit of the few. No State should pay for what may be called amateur studies. The Smithsonian, the Cornell, and the other institutions and foundations, endowed by amateur students, are all that are needed. The expenditure of the public money for education that does not benefit the children of the State generally, is a wrong proceeding.

Besides, our University acts for itself against the interests of general education and contrary to the design of the original foundation. The organic law requires that after a certain advance in endowment shall be gained, branch schools for normal instruction shall be established in the judicial districts of the State. This beneficent provision is avoided by the University ring of regents. This is done by building new houses, adding new professorships, and demoralizing professors and students by increased salaries. We say demoralizing students, because in our useful colleges, where professors get only a salary that affords a comfortable living, they are more intimately and socially one with the students, and thus the students have the benefit of their social culture, piety and daily example. Large salaries separate professors from students, and office-holders from the people, and thus tend to create corruption and aristocracy, which are the bane of Church and State.

During my service in the Senate, we did nothing to pervert the funds of the State to aristocratic uses. I got through, with but six dissenting votes, the revised school law, which I think is the best in the world. [It was laid over that winter in the House, but was passed by the next Legislature.] But our schools have no ring to operate in their behalf, and in the future undoubtedly the University will get money again from the general fund. Our common school law, however, is a fixture. Including all the foundation principles of the old law, it incorporates likewise the best usages and provisions of the school laws of other States. I am sure it will work well in practice, and in all its essential features will remain so long as the State lasts.

About all the honor your friend claims in this connection was in engineering the bill through the Senate. The important superintendency clause was new, and had to be maintained by protracted discussion. The provisions of the bill were digested for the committee by our able Superintendent of Public Instruction. I will send you and Mr. Ed. Bains, M.P., a copy. I have no doubt Mr. Bains will yet succeed in accomplishing something for public education in England.

Concerning the amendment to our national constitution you will have heard of its passage before this reaches you. There is no doubt but that the requisite number of States will sanction the clause to make it part of our fundamental law. I think I felt more like swinging my hat when I gave my vote in its behalf than I have done since I was a boy. No one in the chamber doubted but that I voted in the affirmative. The following extempore lines are a true expression of both my emotion and thought on the occasion :

A THANKSGIVING.

“GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND TO THE SON, AND
TO THE HOLY GHOST: AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING,
IS NOW, AND EVER SHALL BE: WORLD WITHOUT END.”

Receive the worship — Lord of Hosts
Thine infinite and wond'rous providence
Has brought me to this hour, and to this place:
The high place of our good State-capitol;
Where with a voice raised high o'er my compeers,
I've crown'd a life of labor, by an act
Omnific——

“ The vote
Falls like a snow-flake on the sod,
But executes the freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God.”

— I've given the VOTE — the AYE,
That gathering strength as it rolls thro' the States,
Shall form a diamond sentence that shall seal
The doom of the slave power, and forbid,
Till time shall be no more, the barb'rous rule
Of might o'er right.— The subjecting of will,
Of heart, and conscience to the power of man —
Subjection which alone is due to God.—

Hail, native land! I now can lift my brow
And speak thy name as mine; — but hitherto
A sense of shame was in the soul of all
Who sympathized with Mercy and with Right,
Yet saw our Union's mighty power employ'd,
By petty despots, and by venal minds,
To crush the weak — the ignorant! — the poor!
But now 'tis done! — Before the world we vote,
By the authority of this Commonwealth,
FREEDOM FOREVER IN AMERICA!

P.S.— I am sorry that I can't join you in the proposed journey to California, the coming autumn. Tell our friends that the proposed chimera is in process of realization. I am actually living in a log cabin — in the woods — two hundred miles from a railroad. Often shake the snow off

my bed in the winter morning. Have the nucleus of a Christian colony in which we propose to develop in harmony the interests of Piety, Agriculture, and Education in a new and destitute region of the State. The project is of value that can not be estimated to the future of this new region. It will cost self-denial and money, but D. v. it shall be a success. It is an effort to furnish Christian education, almost without cost, to the children of a poor but industrious population, that without our effort could have no such advantages.

J. B. W.

GNADENHÜTTEN

TRAVELING upon business once in the interior of the State of Ohio, I found myself on Saturday evening in the vicinity of the Moravian settlements of Gnadenhütten and Schönbrunn, in the valley of the Tuscarawas. I proposed to rest, according to the commandment, on the Sabbath day, and accordingly took lodgings for man and horse at the village inn. Upon inquiring, I learned that the inhabitants of the place were still mostly Moravians. They had a church in the village, and their pastor resided near by.

We had been deeply interested by the histories of the faith and sacrifices of the Moravian people, and at an early hour in the evening we found ourselves seated with the pastor in his study.

Perceiving our interest in subjects connected with the Moravians, he spoke of their mission at Gnadenhütten and Schönbrunn, and the massacre of the Indians at that place. At a period soon after the establishment of the colonies along our Eastern Seaboard, the Moravians commenced a mission among the North American Indians.

When the first hostilities between the colonies and the Indians caused the tribes to remove westward, the Moravian missionaries removed with them. Once they located east of the Alleghenies, upon the waters of the Susquehanna. There the repose of the missionary and his little flock was again disturbed by the war of the Revolution. To escape the evils to which they would be exposed by contiguity to the seat of war, they again removed, and finally settled upon the banks of the Tuscarawas, in the then unbroken forests of the State of Ohio. Here they located their village, which they named Gnadenhütten, or the tents of Grace, in the center of which was a log structure for counsel and worship, and beneath this an excavation to store provisions. The surrounding forests were then filled with game. The river which ran by their villages, and the soil which they cultivated, furnished them with abundant supplies. Their minister instructed them both in the art of agriculture and in the faith of Christ; and habits of industry and hopes of immortality were cherished by a little band of native Christians in the bosom of the western wilderness.

Here they lived undisturbed until the commencement of the Indian war. When hostilities began along the north-western frontier, the Christian Indians refused to join the war party. Those, however, of their tribe who were unconverted, had joined hostile tribes in their depredations upon the frontier settlements; and a report was current, which probably was to some extent correct, that the hostile Indians were supplied with provisions, and permitted to rest, at the Christian village of Gnadenhütten. Acting in view of this report an armed party left the mouth of Wheeling Creek, in Virginia, to destroy the village. Among them was a frontier settler whose wife and children had been massacred by hostile Indians a few weeks before. It was at the time of corn gathering. The Indians were at their village collecting their harvest. The white party in approaching killed the son of the missionary, whom they met a short distance from the village. In the afternoon

they reached Gnadenhütten, and captured and disarmed the Indians. The captives were told when they gave up their arms that they were to be removed to Pittsburg on the following day. They were then all shut up in the log building which had served as a store-house and a place of worship. The white party, after their prisoners were secured, held a counsel, and the recent massacre of the white woman and her children caused the worst influences to prevail. The announcement was made to the Indians that their death was determined by the counsel of frontiersmen, and that they were allowed only one hour to prepare to die. They received the tidings with that calmness which characterizes the Indian in such circumstances, and many of them employed their last hour in silence and prayer. At the expiration of the hour, a party of the white men approached, and firing in through crevices made in the house, slaughtered, as they supposed, the entire company. One only escaped to tell the tale of horror. A youth had by some means forced himself down into the cavity beneath the floor, where he lay undiscovered until the shades of evening gave him opportunity to escape to the woods, and bear the fearful tidings of the massacre to the rest of his tribe at Sandusky.

On Monday morning we visited with the Moravian pastor the spot where the Indian village had stood. The area is now overgrown by wild plum trees; and in the center there is a cavity which was once the cellar of the store-house in which the Indians were slaughtered, and which is the only vestige now remaining of their former village. From this cavity, which was once flooded with the blood of the Indians, there now rises (1833) a tall sycamore tree, and around its trunk and branches a heavy vine climbs, and spreads itself far above the surrounding woods.

We left the scene and the excellent man who had been our companion, with strong impressions upon our minds. As we rode away those impressions were embodied in the following stanza:—

S*

I.

Throw up thine arms, thou sycamore tree,
For rich is the soil that nourishes thee;
And the vine that climbs round thy branches high,
Should yield its clusters of rubric dye;
For the earth which the fostering juice imparts
Is drench'd in the blood of the red men's hearts.

II.

'Tis a strange, wild tale that they tell of thee—
Thou clambering vine and sycamore tree;
They say that in time, long past and gone,
The red men rov'd in these wilds alone;—
That here, in the midst of this circling wood,
In the days of eld, a village stood
Where the warrior Indian, wild and free,
Rejoic'd in primeval jubilee.

III.

A man of God, from the rising sun,
Came to Gnadenhütten and Shönbrunn;
And he taught the Indians to love the name
Of Him who on errands of mercy came:—
They heard his talk with rev'rent fear,
And leaned on their bows around to hear;
Then buried the hatchet, and tilled the sod,
And bow'd to worship the white man's God.

IV.

Thus far in the wilderness' solitude,
Midst the tall old trees, and the mountains rude,
In prayers and praises, the ancient race
Lifted their hearts to the God of grace.

V.

But cruel war seized his flaming brand,
And shook at heaven his bloody hand;
And the warrior Indian seized the bow
And lurk'd like the panther for his foe;
But the Christian Indians would not sing
The song of war in their council ring —
Yet Suspicion whisper'd the Christians prayed
And plann'd for their warrior brothers' aid.

VI.

'Twas Autumn, when Ceres fills her horn
With the ripen'd ears of the golden corn,
When a band of pale-faced warriors came
With words of peace, in the Christian's name,
But their words of peace were spoke in guile,
With a "forked tongue" and a syren's smile.

VII.

At even, about the close of day,
They took the Indians' arms away;
And they gathered them in that sacred place
Which their hands had rear'd for prayer and praise,

Then told their doom, as History saith,
Indians — an hour! — then meet your death!

VIII.

'Twas fearful tidings — the red men stood,
In the pride of their race, in solemn mood;
But their cheeks blanch'd not, nor a quicken'd breath
Betray'd the fear of approaching death —
All kneel'd in silence and rais'd their eyes
To the God that heard their suppliant cries.

IX.

An hour elapsed — The white men came
And with deadly rifle took deadly aim,
And they rent the breasts of the Indians there,
As they kneeled and lifted their hearts in prayer.

X.

Now far in the West the Indian sire,
As he sits by his wigwam's flickering fire,
Oft tells the tale of what things were done
At Gnadenhütten and Schönbrunn.





HYMNS AND SACRED PIECES.

LIFE OF THE SPIRIT.

Expressive of heart-exercises during a season of refreshing, while ministering to the Third Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

There is a joy, all joys above —
An inward life of peace and love,
The contrite only feel;
It is the power that makes us whole —
A holy unction in the soul;
It is the Spirit's seal.

There is a ray of holy light,
A radiance from the Ever-Bright
And Ever-Blessed One —
It is the day-spring in the heart,
That lives and glows in ev'ry part,
It is the Spirit's sun.

There is an energy supplied
By faith in Christ the crucified,
Through all the being rife;
It is the power of saving grace
That holds the soul in its embrace,
It is the Spirit's life.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

[AFTER VAN SALIS.]

Into the silent spirit land,
Oh, who will guide us there —
The white-rob'd angels — hand in hand,
Float in the radiant air.
O land — the silent land —
Who, who will guide us there?

Into the solemn spirit land —
The dead have pass'd, and we
Approach each day the viewless strand
Of vast eternity —
Oh land — the solemn land,
We're passing unto thee.

Into the peaceful spirit land
My soul prepare to go ;

The air by angel wings is fann'd —

Its glories who may know? —

Oh land,—the peaceful land: —

My soul prepare to go.

O land of love, the heav'nly land,

My Saviour dwells in thee: —

Around His throne redeem'd ones stand,

All clothed in purity —

Oh land! — the heav'nly land —

Dear Saviour — think of me!

THE VALE OF HUMILITY.

AIR — *Lilly Dale.*

In the gospel-day, on the Christian's way

To the land of the pure and the blest,

That his strength may not fail, he passeth a vale

Where travelers love to rest.

Chorus. Peaceful valley — lowly valley,

Vale of rich, free grace,

The Sinner's Friend doth condescend

To walk in that lowly place.

There Sharon's rose in fragrance blows,

And the pure white lily springs;

And the peaceful Dove, from the Land of Love,
Cometh down on snow-white wings.

Tranquil and slow a stream doth flow
Through that lowly — lovely vale,
And the pilgrims drink at the flow'ry brink
Of the fount that ne'er can fail.

In that calm retreat sojourners meet
With One whom their souls adore,
And He guides their way, till at close of day
They stand on the Shining Shore.

The white-wing'd Dove is the Spirit of Love;
The stream is the Fountain of Grace;
And the Sinner's Friend doth condescend
To walk in that lowly place.

AGGRESSIVE WAR.

The deeds of dire aggressive war,
Its lust, and blasphemy, and blood,
Hell's minions scent them from afar,
And rush to mar the works of God.

Famine and rapine, fire and sword,
And groans and strife are in the train

Of these apostates from the Lord,
Self-seeking chiefs and reckless men.

The widow's wail — the orphan's sigh —
The parent's agony and tears,
Will call down judgments from on high,
From Him who hears the widow's prayers.

And ye who laud the men of strife,
Who war for power, and not for right,
The God who gave His creatures life,
Will hold you guilty in His sight.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'Tis a beautiful thought, that by night and by day
The angels of mercy are near;
They allure us from sin and from danger away,
In joy and in sorrow they're here.

They stand in the presence of Infinite Love,
They descend through the fields of the air,
Where saints are departing they bear them above,
Where souls are repenting — they're there.

We will cherish the faith that pure beings on high
Kind thoughts upon mortals bestow,

And in hours of temptation are lingering nigh
To the lov'd ones that sojourn below.

They will watch o'er our way till life's struggles are past,
Till the heavenly city's in view;
We shall share in their joys and their worship at last,
And unite in their ministry too.

LOVE AND LABOR.

"Go labor" — is the sovereign word
To all disciples of the Lord;
And he that loveth will fulfill
With zeal and joy the Master's will.

We only honor Jesus when
We labor for the good of men;
Truth works by love and purifies
The heart that human want supplies.

Follow the Saviour — oh my soul,
Let light and love thy life control;
That love which sees the Saviour's face
In all the needy of our race.

THE PIONEER CHURCH.

DURING our residence in Chicago—1848-9—in addition to the labor of establishing the first religious newspaper in the Northwest, and a depository for Sabbath-school books and tracts, I was one of a company of Christians who established the Third Presbyterian Church on the west side of the city. The frame building which we erected, still stands on Union street. In this pioneer church I preached the gospel to increasing numbers until I left the city. Soon after, the congregation divided into the Third Presbyterian and First Congregational churches. These, in their great prosperity—with the exception of a very few old members still surviving—probably know nothing of the origin of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches on the West-side. This little nucleus has now, we are told by an old member, expanded into seven churches, five of them chapels or colonies of the Third Presbyterian and First Congregational churches.

The following hymn was written for the opening service, and sung by the new choir. It was not among my papers, but strange to tell, after twenty-two years it is recollected by Mrs. Dr. Griswold, of Chicago, who was then a young lady in the audience. We fear tunes rather than hymns would be recollected by persons attending service in our churches at the present time.

Mrs. G. has reproduced the hymn, adding what she could not remember distinctly.

HYMN

Sung at the dedication of the Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago.

[TUNE—*The Chariot.*]

Rejoice ye! Rejoice ye! His goodness record;
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord;

To the God of Sabaoth this temple we rear;
We bow at His altar—we worship Him here.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! our Saviour and King!
The sweet incense of gratitude hither we bring;
We trust in Thy merits—we rest on Thy word;
Through Thy high intercession Thy servants are heard.

Descend Thou—descend Thou—O heavenly Dove!
From Thy high place of rest in the bosom of Love;
Here descend on Thy servants, beget in the mind
Devotion to God, and true love to mankind.

Awaken, awaken, oh Zion, and sing
His praises forever—thine Infinite King;
Rejoice in His mercy, and trust in His word,
IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS WORSHIP THE LORD.

“KEEP THYSELF PURE.”

Christian, keep thy heart with care,
Pure from each corrupting thought,
Christ has placed a life-spring there,
Watch the fountain—taint it not.

Erring Fancy often strays,
Tarries with forbidden things,

Lured by sense and sin away,
Soils the whiteness of her wings.

Keep thyself by truth and love,
Soul nor body e'er deface;
Sinful habits ever prove
Hindrances to growth in grace.

Christ was pure, and thou should ne'er
Breath, nor taste, nor lip defile;
Shall the tongue that utters prayer
Nauseous be with taint the while.

Of His body form a part,
Join the blood-washed company,
Strive in person, lip, and heart,
Pure, as He is pure, to be.

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

A Psalm sung in connection with a funeral service, in memory of Rev. Edward Smith, candidate of the Liberty Party for Governor of Ohio, and one of the first and most heroic of the anti-slavery ministers of the West.

A PSALM.

Armed as a soldier of the Cross,
In the hottest of the fight,

Our brother stood the champion
Of humanity and right.

The banner of the bleeding Lamb
Still waving o'er his head,
The sacramental host of Christ
Into the fight he led.

His voice was heard along our lines,
When others fought and fell,
“*Courage!*” he cried, and led the charge
Right through the hosts of hell.

Vice felt his power; and slavery rag'd
And gnashed her teeth in spite,
As strong of soul, he flashed the truth
Into her realm of night.

Fainting, yet pressing on the foe,
And marked with many a wound,
Unconquered, and unconq'able,
He sank upon the ground.

Our tears were shed, but not for him,
The faith of Christ he kept;
Our cause had lost a leader tried,
And for ourselves we wept.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

Sung at the conclusion of a discourse at Benzonia, Mich., commemorative of the sad event.

[OLD TUNE OF "NORWAY," *Minor*.]

I.

Mourn, oh my country, mourn in deepest anguish,
The joy of thy triumph is sanctified by sorrow,
On Liberty's altar a martyr heart is offer'd,
Lincoln has fallen!

II

Let all the people mourn in deep submission,
Abraham the honest — chosen of the nation —
Fell when our country — triumphing o'er treason,
Mourns his departure.

III.

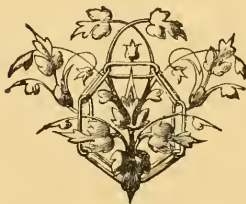
But the assassin — red with cruel murder,
What will his doom be? — what his guilty terror,
When God commands him, cover'd with transgression
Up to the judgment.

IV.

God of our fathers, hear our supplication,
Guide the Republic in this solemn crisis,
Until foul treason — banished from the nation,
Sinks into darkness — deep and eternal!

V.

God save the nation! Father, Son, and Spirit
Send forth the gospel of Freedom and Salvation,
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory
For ever and ever — and ever and ever.





HUMOROUS AND JUVENILE.

ADDRESS

Before the Richland County Agricultural Society, published in Ohio State Report, 1856.

MR. PRESIDENT, FARMERS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

Three years ago this society gave me credentials, as one of their number, to visit the agricultural fair of Great Britain, and to report to them such facts as I might think of value. While abroad I spent time and money to make myself conversant with the state of agriculture in Europe ; and with the moral and temporal condition of the laborers of the Old World. In England I spent some time in the best agricultural regions of Sussex, mostly with the Robinsons, a family of Friends, who are large farmers in that part of the kingdom. The Orthodox Quakers, or Friends, according to their number, are the best population of Great Britain, and if they had rational means of disseminating their tenents, and were willing to abate some of their peculiarities, they would be the best exponents of the religion of Christ.

I will only add a few words, of a general character, as introductory to the agricultural poem which you have in-

vited me to deliver on the present occasion. I have seen no reason to modify any of the opinions presented in my previous address to this society.

There are some things in England better than we have them here—there are others in this country better than they are there. The advantages there are mainly in favor of those who have means. Here they are in favor of the laborer.

Men of means, who seek merely the pleasure and comforts of life, can live more at their ease in the old countries than in the new; but here, any industrious laborer, who has good health, may rise to independence, and he may hope that his children may rise to opulence and influence in the State. Look, for instance, at the history of the present candidates for the Chief Magistracy of the Union. James Buchanan, late Minister to England, is the son of a farmer. John C. Fremont is the son of a poor widow. He has procured his own education, and achieved his own fortune and fame. Millard Fillmore is a cloth-dresser by trade, and has by labor and study filled some of the chief places in the country. This is the distinguishing advantage of American institutions. Our system of government, in the free States, educates all the people, and gives all an equal chance to rise to places of influence and trust. Take an example in humble life. I mention it only to awaken interest and enterprise in the minds of many youth I see about me. I was the son of a widow, and began life without a dollar. I have labored on a farm—spent four years in a printing office—studied law one year—studied four years in college, and one and a half in a Theological Seminary—I have paid every dollar which my education cost me, by my own hard labor of mind and body; and in addition, I had obtained, before I began my ministry, and when I was not forty years of age, means which will, with the Divine blessing, enable me to be useful to others in life and after death. I have likewise established two book stores, and three religious newspapers, besides preaching the Gospel fifteen years, sometimes at my own expense.

Now, this is a humble example, but it shows what boys that begin with nothing in this country can do for themselves and for the moral interests of the world. Don't be afraid or ashamed to work. Every youth that is before me, if he will be industrious, enterprising, and energetic, can do well for himself and good for his fellow-men. This is the great benefit and blessing of American institutions compared with those of the parent country. Here every man may achieve for himself all that his natural endowments will allow. Look into your own county and into your own county town. Your leading farmers, your judges, your merchants, are all self-made men. In this country there can be no envy between classes in society—between the rich and the poor. Those who are poor one year may be rich the next, and those who lived without office, yet their children may rule the State, and will be more likely to do so than the children of our more favored families. When our institutions give all an equal chance, those who, by honest effort, pursue honest labors, whether they succeed as others do or not, should be equally honored.

There are some things in the old countries against which we should guard at home. In Great Britain the salaries of public officers are excessively high. This adds to the influence of office, and is liable to beget corruption in the officer, and subserviency in the people. Let the farmers look to this. They are now, and I hope always will be, the conservative masses. Each political party accuses the other of endeavoring to raise salaries, and to some extent all are guilty. Although some are honest and patriotic in all parties: all parties have men of a different character. As it is in Great Britain, so it may be here:—unawares, and by various manœuvres, power will steal from the many to the few, and salaries will be raised, until power and corruption will become too strong for the moral sense and prosperity of the people.

Every increase in the salary of a public servant, usually separates him more and more from the masses of the people—adds the means of dissipation, and subtracts from his moral principle.

In another respect the farmers must be the conservators of our national prosperity. Removed from the excitements and temptations of town life, they are in better circumstances for moral reflection and improvement. In the moral character and the intelligence of the masses is our hope. Ignorant and wicked men can be, and will be, deceived by their leaders. They will adhere to party, right or wrong! and if our happy institutions are ever damaged, this will be the point of danger.

The young men of the country are corrupted, if corrupted at all, in the cities and villages, where dealers in politics and ardent spirits make a prey of them. If it were not for the conservative influence of the farming population, and religious men generally, this country would go backward and downward. As you value, then, the beneficent institutions under which you live — as you value the peace and prosperity of your posterity hereafter — labor to promote general education, and piety that produces conscience among all classes of our people.

I will now recite the poem, and as you will hear, “there is more truth than poetry in it.” It is designed not only for the edification, but for the exhilaration of those present.

FARMERS’ WIVES — SONS — DAUGHTERS:

They’ve appointed me to talk to you in poetry to-day,
Now, Farmers, step up to the stand and hear what I’ve
to say,

To hear a speech in poetry at least is something new;
I’ll make the speech, and you may judge if what I say
be true.

And now I beg you not to think that I don’t understand
How Farmers ought to manage stock, and cultivate
their land —

Because I do — In early years I “farmed it” — as they
say,—

Dropp’d corn, and pick’d potatoes, and helped to make
the hay;

And from my old grandfather, I learned a thing or two,
And now, if you’ll attend to me, I’ll “tell that same”
to you.

And friends, remember, Farmers are sometimes a little
mulish,

They think they know it all themselves, and that book
learning’s foolish.

’Tis true, I own, experience is still the best of teachers;
But then the most experienced are those who pay the
preachers.

And if I preach to you to-day, some facts that are of
value,

Of course you’ll inwardly digest the things I have to
tell you;

And first—be sure you have a plan, and have a place
for all things;

And calculate your ways and means, for large things
and for small things;

For those who work but have no plan, and little calcu-
lation,

Will neither work their fortune out, nor work out their
salvation.

Some people work, and fuss, and strive, and then can
scarcely live,

And wonder why their neighbors have enough to spend
and give.

The reason is they calculate, and make ends meet, and
more,

While folks with larger farms, still owe a "*lectle*" at
the store.

Then have a plan about your farm—your crops—
your hogs—your cattle,

Work isn't all—to calculate is fully half the battle.

Speaking of cattle—get good breeds, they'll pay you
for their keeping,

Bad breeds will eat their heads off twice, and then not
be done eating.

Some Farmers' hogs are head and ears;—for feed the
corn is taken,

They turn it into skin and bones, and thus they lose
their bacon.

Some folks keep sheep—the more they're fed the less
their wool increases,

Then scold about the price they get for coarse and
scanty fleeces:—

Don't buy sorrel horses with white feet, nor cows with
a bull's head,

Nor think that extra breeds will keep unless they're
extra fed.

Some starve their cows in winter time, in spring they
starve the calf,

Then wonder that their stock's so poor — 'twould make
a donkey laugh.

Give your stock shelter and a bed — keep young calves
with their dam,

And if you do not change your flock, be sure you
change your "Sam."

Some folk believe in signs, and some believe that cheat
Is something else besides the cross of certain weeds
with wheat.

Plant when the sprouts, from sun and moon, will have
the greatest light,

Then, if the ground be well prepared, your crops will
come out right.

Manure is gold — the man who wastes what will
enrich the soil,

Is wise as she who saves the salt and lets the butter spoil.

Plow deep, if you would see good corn and heavy root
crops growing,

A loose sub-soil will stand a stretch, but hard soils need
deep plowing;

Manure your fields — around your trees put ashes, suds,
and lye.

And when the fly's about, plant corn — sow clover,
oats, and rye.

Learn to make cheese — to graft fruit trees; and don't
be such a fool

As to suppose that a good sire gets always a good foal.
Plant pear trees in a good clay soil — peaches on loamy
hills;

Don't get in debt, and then complain of the store-
keeper's bills;

Don't starve yourselves — a good beef-steak or turkey
will go down

With country people just as well as with the folks in
town ;

Use good fresh milk, and good brown flour, the coarse
bran sifted out ;

Pickles and soothing syrups give to hogs, if they're
about.

Don't drink your coffee strong — eat pork but little in
your lives;

All pork is scrofulous — strong tea gives nerve tremors
to your wives.

Speaking of wives — good farmers' dames, a word or
two to you,

To each one in particular, of whom my words are true;
Some women churn, and churn, and churn, and make
an awful flutter,

And then they spoil the whole affair, and leave milk in
the butter.

Some people on a washing day are surly as a bear;
But some forget to wash their hands, and some to comb
their hair.

Some folks can see their neighbors' faults, but nothing
in the heads

Of their own children — and forget annoyances in beds.
Some women scold because they ought — their hus-
bands are so dull,

The idle drones will saunter round, till children go to
school;

Such women have a right to scold — such men are lazy
coots,

Their wives should make them take the broom, and
they should take the boots.

Young men who want to get a wife — I'll just give you
a hint,

For a good wife is the pure gold — and often a gold
mint:

Don't let the damsel know when you expect to go a
courtin',

For then, if she's a mind for you, she'll be fixed up for
certain;

Just happen in, as 'twere by chance, then if she makes
a bother,

Has dirty hands, and dirty dress, and is unkind to
mother:

Flee for your life — don't look behind — run like a
frightened mortal,

Who fished for trout, and got a bite by a huge snap-
ping turtle.

Don't choose a wife in the ball-room, such women
dance with skill,

And dress, and smile to please the crowd — while hus-
bands pay the bill.

If one looks tidy at her work — smiles while she makes
good butter,

Just intimate you'll call again: — the sooner it's done
the better.

Don't look for one with flashing dress, and pinched up
in the middle,

Both soul and body — ere she's old — will be like a
cracked fiddle.

Don't marry girls with baby hands and little Chinese
feet,

Their hearts are little as their hands, cosmetics make
them sweet.

Leave such fair maids to the town boys, who have more
time and skill

To play with pictures, and foot up the shop and doctor's
bill.

Avoid the girl who slights her work and grumbles at
her labors,
Who's sour and dull when she's at home, and smart
when at the neighbors.

Mr. President — I pity him who getteth such a wife,
sir,
For, like a jackass, he's hitched up to a hard load for
life, sir.
But virtue and good temper shine, like sunlight in dull
weather,
Find such a one — and I know who can tie you fast
together.

And farmers' girls, a word to you: — a word you ought
to hear,
I would not let all sorts of fools put soft soap in my ear;
There are some scamps that dress, and talk, and seem
genteel and civil,
But for a husband they would make the next thing to
the devil.
Never despise a man of sense, though home-spun is
his way;
If he's embarrassed, help him out with what he's got
to say;
And if the question he would ask — but fears — and
you “diskiver!”

That the hard word sticks in his throat, and makes his
chin to quiver,

Then help him out, for mercy's sake, and when the
thing is over,

You 'll find there's grit in many a man that was a bash-
ful lover.

But swearing, drinking, idle fools, who lie and chew
the weed,

Who spend whole hours in low saloons, are of satanic
breed.

Avoid them as you would the ——, don't have the
scamps about,

If they step in — leave mother there, and you can just
step out.

Now, in conclusion, let me add a word by way of morals,
Keep up your fences, and keep out of other people's
quarrels.

Never decieve a child; to fret and scold will do no good,
To strike their heads, and call low names, will make a
grov'ling brood.

Govern by reason if you can; — if you must take the
rod,

Be kind and firm, or else your child is lost to you and
God.

Make youngsters work, but don't forget to let them
learn to sing;

Amusements they should often have, and music's just
the thing.

Don't covet to be rich, but seek for comfort and good
taste;

Some folks can live and thrive upon what other people
waste.

Don't go to sleep on Sabbath days, nor saunter round
the farm,

But go to church, as Christians should, and keep your
souls from harm.

Keep regular hours—the wise and good live mostly in
the light,

While vice, and crime, and fashion hold their orgies in
the night.

Avoid the man who always pleads for party, right or
wrong,

Whether a lawyer, or a priest, he'll make your fetters
strong.

Be kind to horses—noise and blows will only make
them worse;

The man's a brute who swears, and beats, and over-
loads his horse.

Don't beat your steers—keep wood on hand—be
early home for dinner;

Be free from debt, and party-hacks—repent if you're
a sinner.

Be true to conscience, stand for right, and keep your
wife good natur'd
And then posterity will be bright-eyed, and pleasant-
featured.

ON RECEIVING A FAVOR FROM A
FAVORITE.

My love, the gift yon gave me,
Has bound me with a spell,
As pleasing as the witcheries
Of which old fables tell.

Thy loveliness subdues me —
Thy tender sighs I hear —
And the whispers of thy gentle voice
Are murmuring in my ear.

There is a charm about thee
Of modesty and youth;
There is a meaning in thine eyes
Of constancy and truth;

And I'd sooner trust thy single vow
Than all the prayers that's said
At Brahma's shrine, or Mecca's tomb —
My own delicious maid.

[For the Philadelphia "Evening Post," 1824.]

FROM THE COUNTRY.

HAVING a good deal of work to do about the farm lately, clearing up some new land, and grubbing out a piece for a potato patch, I hung my fiddle on the branch of a beech tree. Being out hunting the steers last week, I came across the instrument and brought it home with me. Looking over the "Post" this morning, and seeing some verses to Lorenzo from Isadore, I immediately was delivered of the following response :

TO ISADORE.

O Isadore, loveliest, come to me,
And we'll sit in the shade of our great elm tree,
And we'll list to the mocking bird's varied song,
At the hour of noontide.—Come, Is'—come along!

Or come when the sinking god of day
Has dappled the clouds with a lambent ray,
And we'll sit till the shadows of night pervade
And spreads o'er the woodlands a mantle of shade.

Or come when Luna, pale queen of the night,
And the crystallized dew shall give thee light;
'Tis clysian pastime to spend an hour
By moonlight, and dewlight, alone, in our bower,

Or come when your cheek is all in a glow,
Like fervid wine bedropp'd in th' snow,

And hold your breath, lest Zephyrus should sip
The honeyed dew from your balmy lip.

Come — no matter when — by day or by night,
With a throbbing pulse and an eye of light,
You may rest your head on Lorenzo's breast,
And I'll smooth your hair till your heart's at rest.

QUARRELS INJURE BOTH PARTIES.

THE KILKENNY CATS — EXPANDED.

Written on demand of our little adopted son, Bennie, who required something amusing to be recited at the close of his term in school.

There were two Thomas Cats in Kilkenny,
And each thought there was one cat too many;
So they fix'd on a day when they'd have an affray,
And decide which should rule in Kilkenny.

'Twas a horrible sight to see those cats fight: —
With a spring and a cry they made the fur fly;
And they scratched and they bit, and they squall'd and
they fit —

And they ripp'd and they tore, both behind and before,
Till instead of two cats there wasn't any!

— They each eat the other because they were males,
And nothing was left but the tips of two tails,

* * * * *

Boys — This is the moral  Keep out of a quarrel.

BALLAD AND CATCH.

Sung by Emma L. Walker at the Monthly Literary Evening, Benzonia,
April, 1868.

“IT DEPENDS ON THE PERSON.”

[TUNE — *Annie Laurie.*]

Young people of Benzonia,
I'll sing a song for you ;
A song of home and duty,
Which will be something new —
I'll sing of life and hope,
Of hearts all kind and true ;
And tell you how by kindness
To draw such hearts to you.

The maidens of Benzonia
Will promise to be true ;
They 'll live and love and labor
In good and ill for you :

— But then, will you be true? —

Can we trust all to you? —

Young people of Benzonia,

Will ye be kind and true?

'Tis said that some are faithless,

They vow and then forsake;

And wickedly and falsely,

Leave trusting hearts to break —

Oh friends, be kind and true,

And heaven will smile on you —

Young folks of dear Benzonia,

Be always kind and true.

CATCH.

Two Young Men.

Yes; we'll be kind and true,

In weal and woe, to you.

Emma — sharply.

But I did not mean you —

No, neither of you two.

Young Men — sharply.

Neither did we mean you —

You awful bug-a-boo!

Emma.

You Yankee-doodle-doo.

Both at once.

Men. You awful bug-a-boo.

Emma. You Yankee-doodle-doo.

Altogether, facing the Audience.

Young friends of dear Benzonia,
Be always kind and true.



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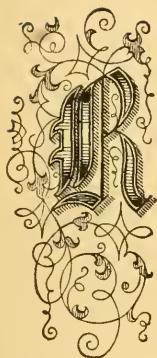
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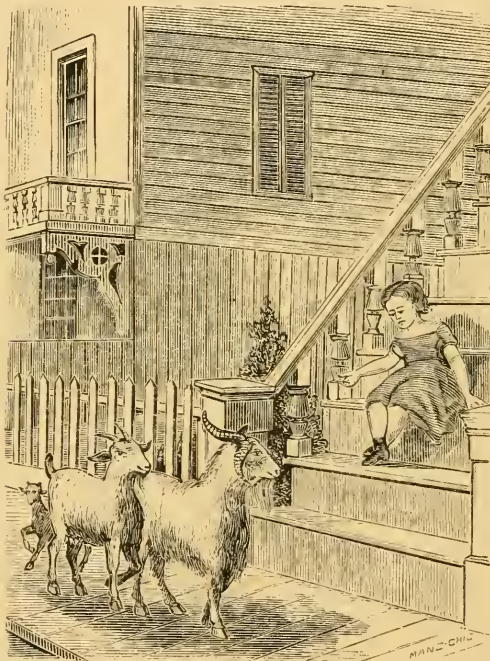
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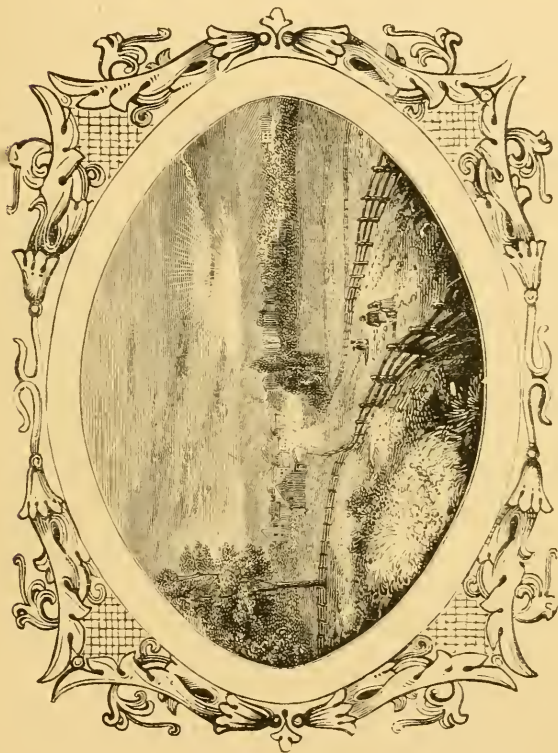
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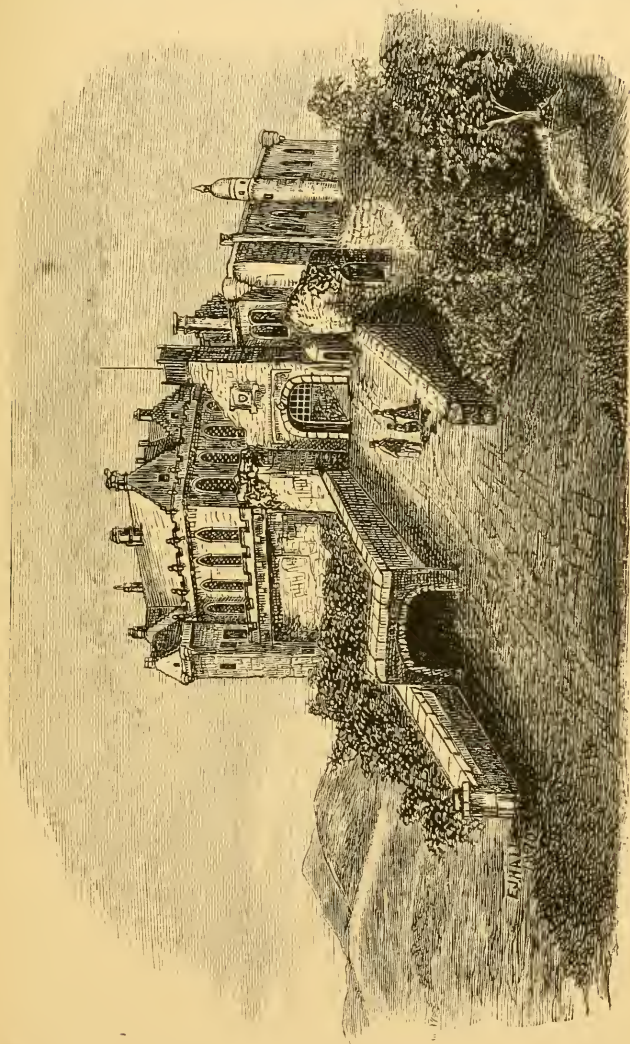


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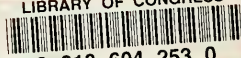
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